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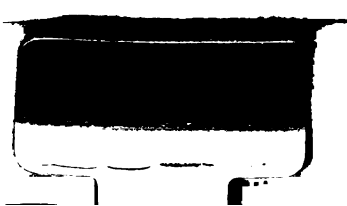
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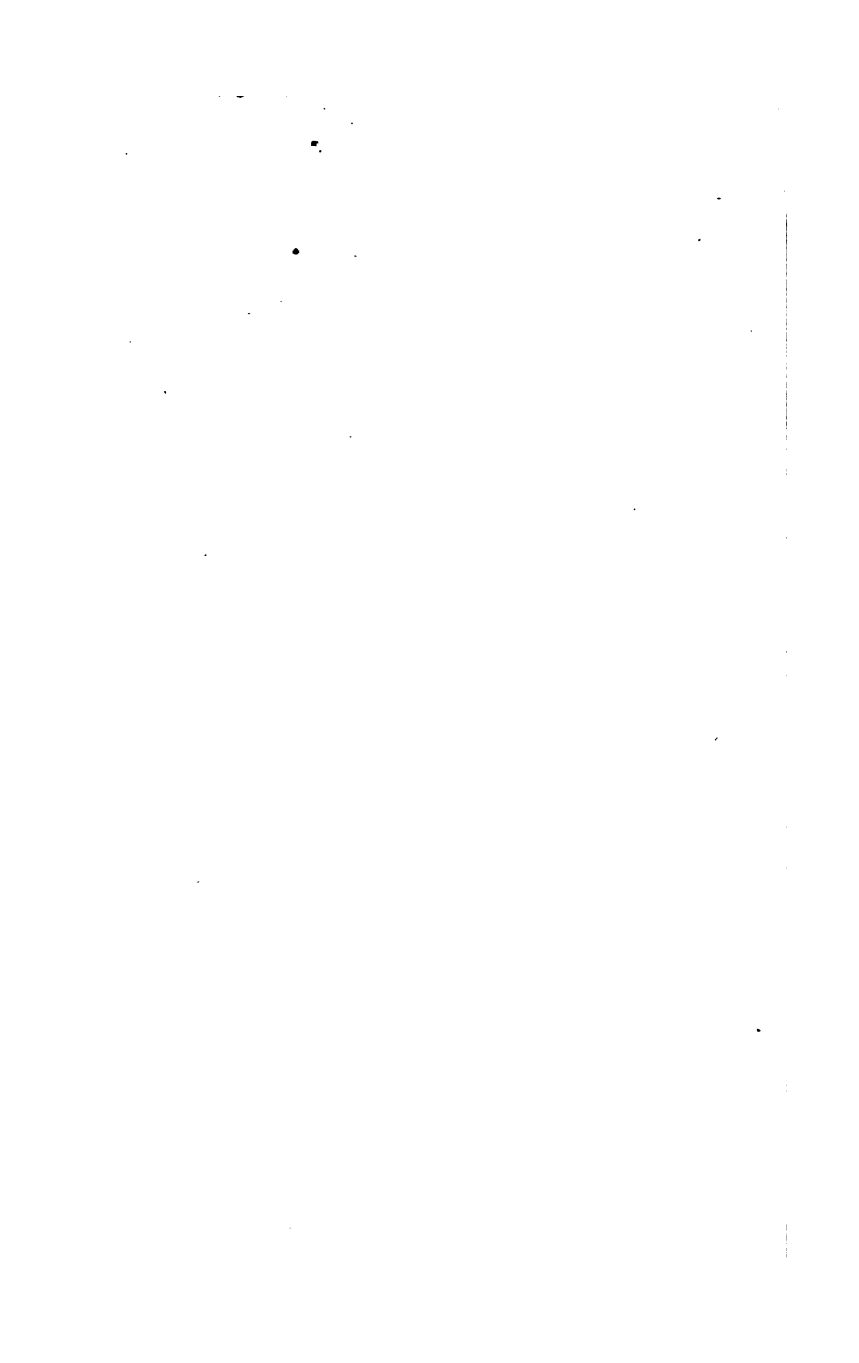
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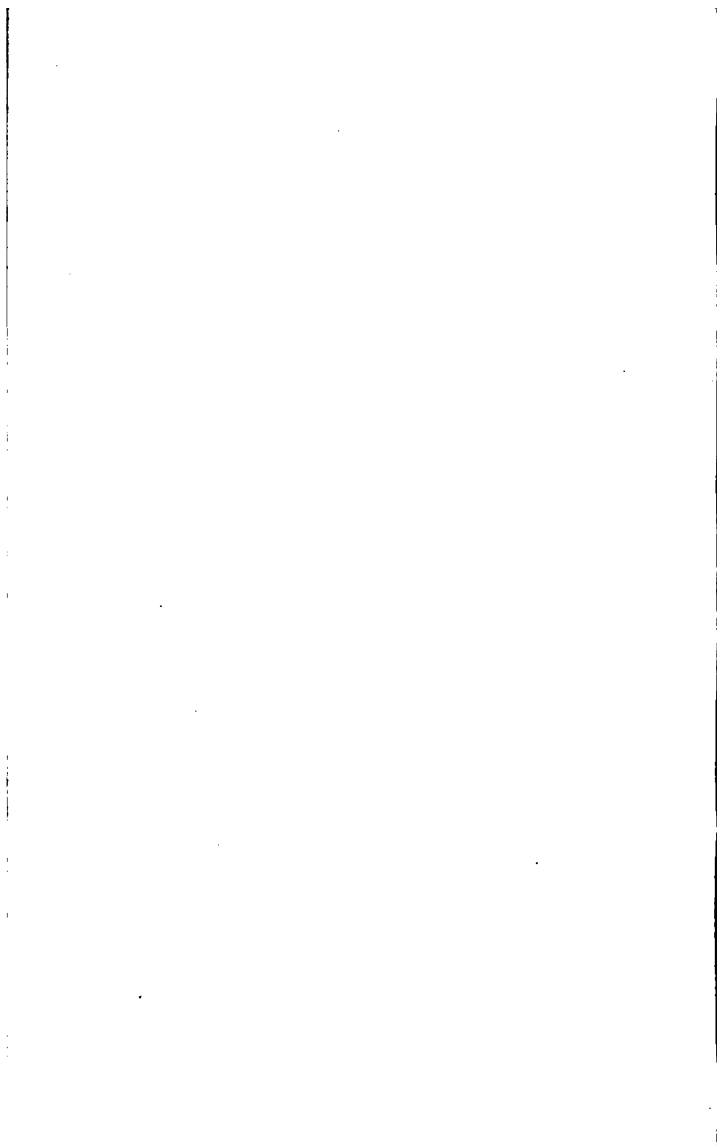
Leonard W. Brownell



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THE GOLDEN YEAR

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PUBLISHED BY

**The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis,
U.S.A.**



THE GOLDEN YEAR

From the Verse and Prose

ON

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

COMPILED BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

"When wealth no more shall rest in crowded heaps,
But sink & scatter down its hoards beneath the waves
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the season of the golden year."

TENNYSON



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATLINGTON ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1898

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*THE YEAR goes on and on and on!—
Or winter dusk, or summer dawn—
Or fang of frost, or kiss of rose,
The Year goes on, and ever goes!
But rounds it not, from Winter's stress,
To Summer's lavish fruitfulness?—
Aye, glean with gloom, and smile with tear,
Our harvest ripens none the less—
Our harvest of The Golden Year.*



COMPILER'S NOTE

GOD gave us the poets to live with, and to live by. Whatever may have been intended regarding other inspirers, other illuminators, surely the poets were not meant for casual purposes, nor even for intermittent ones. MR. RILEY's favorite old farmer might probably say, in the expressive Hoosier dialect which not seldom conveys more than the choicest English, that poetry, like any other luxury, was made to "waller in." To us the proof of its delight is in the number of times we go back to it, making it more and more our own until the very warp-and-woof of our lives displays its golden threads in every fibre of the fabric.

It is unnecessary to say, if indeed any one *could* say, how many thousands of men, women and children have hailed JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY as favorite singer, and taken him into their hearts and lives as chosen friend and comforter. He makes us laugh, he makes us cry, he makes us long, and he makes us pray ; and not until one has studied him well indeed is it possible to realize how

fully, how richly, and how satisfyingly he has covered with his song the various phases of life,—from babyhood to old age ; from the joy of a snow-man, or a new hat, to the peace of a soul-victory ; from the gladness of possession, to the resignation of bereavement ; from delight in the flowers of God, to faith even through the thunder of God ;—it would seem as if no kind of heart-throb were strange to him or foreign to his song.

And so the compiler of this volume has ventured upon what could be done in the way of making, out of Mr. RILEY's ten volumes of writings, one little " handbook " such as might prove a wholesome and familiar friend to verse-lovers, everywhere. And if the spiritual fellowship of a twelvemonth with *this* poet shall seem as full of rounded solace and blessing to the readers as it has seemed to the compiler, nothing less than " The Golden Year " will fitly compass or describe it.

C. E. L.

CHICAGO, U.S.A., *May* 20, 1898.

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THE
GOLDEN YEAR

1



January

I

Just as of old ! The world rolls on and on ;
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold.—
Just as of old.

ENVOY—GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS.

You'll find 'at you've come to the right place fer
drinkin'-worter !

A NEST EGG.—PROSE SKETCH.

2

James Wolfe, 1726 ; Justin Winsor, 1831.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.—
There is ever a something sings alway:

B

There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

THERE IS EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

3

Lucretia Mott, 1793 ; Douglas Jerrold, 1803.

He laughed away the sorrow,
And he laughed away the gloom
We are all so prone to borrow
From the darkness of the tomb ;
And he laughed across the ocean
Of a happy life, and passed,
With a laugh of glad emotion,
Into Paradise at last.

THE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW.

4

Jakob Ludwig Grimm, 1785.

Wait for the morning ! Ah ! we wait indeed
For daylight, we who toss about thro' stress
Of vacant-armed desires and emptiness
Of all the warm, warm touches that we need,
And the warm kisses upon which we feed
Our famished lips in fancy !

TIME.

5

Stephen Decatur, 1779.

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—

Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—

Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore !

GRIGGSBY'S STATION.

6

Joan of Arc, 1412; Charles Sumner, 1811.

"I deem that God is not disquieted"—

This in a mighty poet's rhymes I read ;

And blazoned so forever doth abide

Within my soul the legend glorified.

THE LEGEND-GLORIFIED.

7

Israel Putnam, 1718.

O the days gone by ! O the days gone by !

The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye ;

The childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring—

The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.—

When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,

In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

B 2

8

Galileo died, 1642 ; Robert Schumann, 1810 ; Wilkie Collins, 1824

My doctern is to lay aside
 Contensions, and be satisfied :
 Jest do your best, and praise er blame
 That follers that, counts jest the same.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

9

Napoleon III. died in exile, 1873.

We must get home ; and, unremembering there
 All gain of all ambitions elsewhere,
 Rest—from the feverish victory, and the crown
 Of conquest whose waste glory weighs us down.—
 Fame's fairest gifts we toss back with disdain—
 We must get home—we must get home again !

THE HOME-GOING.

10

Ethan Allen, 1737 ; Gustave Doré, 1833.

Dear Lord ! Kind Lord !
 Gracious Lord ! I pray
 Thou wilt look on all I love,
 Tenderly today !

Weed their hearts of weariness ;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

THE PRAYER-PERFECT.

I I

Alexander Hamilton, 1757 ; Bayard Taylor, 1825.

O love is like an untamed steed !
So hot of heart and wild of speed,
And with fierce freedom so in love,
The desert is not vast enough,
With all its leagues of glimmering sands,
To pasture it !

BEDOUIN.

I 2

Edmund Burke, 1729 ; John Hancock, 1737.

Yet, Baby—O my Baby, for your sake
This heart of mine is ever wide awake ;
And my love may never droop a drowsy eye—Baby-
bye !—
Till your own are wet above me when I die—Baby-
bye !—
Till your own are wet above me when I die.

LULLABY.

13

Edmund Spenser died, 1599.

He was warned ag'inst the *womern*—
She was warned ag'inst the *man*,—
And if *that* won't make a weddin',
W'y, they's nothin' else that can !

ON A SPLENDID MATCH.

14

Then blow, Winds, blow !
And rave and shriek,
And snarl and snow
Till your breath grows weak—
While here in my room
I'm as snugly shut
As a glad little worm
In the heart of a nut !

WINTER FANCIES.

15

Moñère, 1622 ; Gibbon died, 1794 ; Edward Everett died, 1865 ;
Frances Kemble died, 1893.

Reach your hand to me, my friend,
With its heartiest caress—
Sometime there will come an end
To its present faithfulness—

Sometime I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

REACH YOUR HAND TO ME.

Margorie Fleming, the child poetess, born, 1803.

The very crudeness of her speech made chaster yet
the childish thought her guileless utterance had caught
from spirit-depths beyond our reach.

WHERE IS MARY ALICE SMITH?

16

Sir John Moore died, 1809.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad ;
She loves me when I'm good er bad ;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

17

Benjamin Franklin, 1706.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so !
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know !

What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow !

KISSING THE ROD.

18

Daniel Webster, 1782 ; Charles Kean, 1811.

Then, with good friends, the rarest few
Thou holdest true,
Ranged round about the blaze, to share
My comfort there,—
Give me to claim the service meet
That makes each seat
A place of honor, and each guest
Loved as the rest.

KNEELING WITH HERRICK.

19

Bernardin St. Pierre, 1737.

I've thought a power on men and things,
As my uncle ust to say,—
And ef folks don't work as they pray, i jings !
W'y, they ain't no use to pray !

Ef you want somepin', and jes dead-set
A-pleadin' fer it with both eyes wet,
And tears won't bring it, w'y, you try sweat,
As my uncle ust to say.

AS MY UNCLE USED TO SAY.

20

David Garrick died, 1779; N. P. Willis born, 1806.

Roses laid their velvet lips
On our own, with fragrant sips;
But their kisses held us not—
All their sweetness we forgot;—
Though the brambles in our track
Plucked at us to hold us back—
“Just ahead,” we used to say,
“Lie the lands of Where-Away.”

WHERE-AWAY.

21

John C. Fremont, 1813; Stonewall Jackson, 1824.

“He is my friend,” I said,—
“Be patient!” Overhead
The skies were drear and dim;
And lo! the thought of him
Smiled on my heart—and then
The sun shone out again!

MY FRIEND.

22

Francis Bacon, 1561; Lord Byron, 1788.

Then silence. Silence !—Why, last night
The silence was tumultuous,
And thundered on till broad daylight ;—
O never has it stunned me thus !—
It rolls, and moans, and mumbles yet.—
Ah, God ! how loud may silence get
When man mocks at a brother man
Who answers but as silence can !

THE QUIET LODGER.

23

Charles Kingsley died, 1875; Gustave Doré died, 1883;
Phillips Brooks died, 1893.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away !

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

AWAY.

24

Frederick the Great, 1712 ; Charles James Fox, 1749.

I, who had hob-nobbed with the shades of kings,
And "canvassed" grasses from old masters' graves,
And in cathedrals stood and looked at things
In niches, crypts and naves ;—
My heavy heart was sagging with its woe,
Nor hope to prop it up, nor promise, nor
One woman's hands ;—and O I wanted so
To be felt sorry for !

MARION-COUNTY MAN HOMESICK ABROAD.

25

Robert Burns, 1759.

Sweet singer, that I lo'e the maist
O' ony, sin' wi' eager haste
I smacket bairn-lips ower the taste
O' hinnied Sang,
I hail thee, though a blessed ghaist
In Heaven lang !

TO ROBERT BURNS.

26

Edward Jenner died, 1823 ; "Chinese" Gordon died, 1885.

Let us be thankful—thankful for the prayers
Whose gracious answers were long, long delayed,

That they might fall upon us unawares,
And bless us, as in greater need we prayed.

THANKSGIVING.

Like an old, old man with childish summer fancies
in his head and bleak and barren winter in his bones.

TALE OF A SPIDER.

27

Mozart, 1756; Ernest Renan, 1823.
Audubon died, 1851; James G. Blaine died, 1893.

As when in dreams we sometimes hear
A melody so faint and fine
And musically sweet and clear,
It flavors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine,—
So, often in my waking dreams,
I hear a melody that seems
Like fairy voices whispering
To me the song I never sing.

THE SONG I NEVER SING.

28

"Chinese" Gordon, 1833.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered
dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the
caress

With the written declaration that, "as surely as the
vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweet-
heart of mine.

AN OLD SWEETHEART.

29

William McKinley, 1844; Emanuel Swedenborg, 1688.

The ticking—ticking—ticking of the clock !
That vexed me so last night !—"For though Time
keeps
Such drowsy watch," I moaned, "he never sleeps,
But only nods above the world to mock
Its restless occupant, then rudely rock
It as the cradle of a babe that weeps !"

TIME.

30

Walter Savage Landor, 1775; Charles I. executed, 1649.

I hold that the true age of wisdom is when
We are boys and girls, and not women and men ;—
.
.
.
For in *youth* all we know we are *certain* of.—*Now*
The greater our knowledge the more we allow
For skeptical margin.—And hence I regret
That the world isn't flat and the sun doesn't set,
And we may not go creeping up home, when we die,
Through the moon, like a round yellow hole in the sky.

UNCLE SIDNEY'S VIEWS.

31

James G. Blaine, 1830 ; Schubert, 1797.

O the lands of Where-Away !
Tell us—tell us—where are they ?
Through the darkness and the dawn
We have journeyed on and on,—
From the cradle to the cross—
From possession unto loss.—
Seeking still, from day to day,
For the lands of Where-Away.

WHERE-AWAY.

February

I

Arthur Henry Hallam, 1811.

O soul of mine, look out and see
My bride, my bride that is to be !—
Reach out with mad, impatient hands
And draw aside futurity
As one might draw a veil aside—
And so unveil her where she stands
Madonna-like and glorified—
The queen of undiscovered lands
Of love, to where she beckons me. —
My bride—my bride that is to be.

MY BRIDE THAT IS TO BE.

2

"Ground-hog Day."

I have jest about decided
It 'ud keep a town-boy hoppin'
Fer to work all winter, choppin'
Fer a' old fire-place, like I did !

Lawz ! them old times wuz contrairy !—
 Blame' backbone o' winter, 'peared-like,
Wouldn't break !—and I wuz skeerd-like
 Clean on into Feb'uary !
 Nothin' ever made me madder
 Than fer Pap to stomp in, layin'
 On a' extry fore-stick, sayin',
 "Groun'-hog's out and seed his shadder !"
 OLD WINTERS ON THE FARM.

3

Mendelssohn, 1809 ; Horace Greeley, 1811 ; Sidney Lanier, 1842.

Tom Van Arden, my old friend,
 All the pleasures we have known
 Thrill me now as I extend
 This old hand and grasp your own,—
 Feeling, in the rude caress,
 All affection's tenderness ;
 Feeling, though the touch be rough,
 Our old souls are soft enough.
 TOM VAN ARDEN.

4

Josiah Quincy, 1772 ; Thomas Carlyle died, 1881.

We must get home—for we have been away
 So long, it seems forever and a day !

And O so very homesick we have grown,
The laughter of the world is like a moan
In our tired hearing, and its songs as vain.
We must get home—we must get home again !

THE HOME-GOING.

5

Sir Robert Peel, 1788.

I bit an apple but a moment since—
A wilted apple that the worm had spurned,—
Yet hidden in the taste were happy hints
Of good old days returned.

HONEY DRIPPING FROM THE COMB.

There he stood before us, as it were, in a majesty of
insignificance.

JAMESY—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

6

Madame de Sévigné, 1626 ; Queen Anne, 1665 ;
Sir Henry Irving, 1838.

It is enough—

Enough—just to be good !
To lift our hearts where they are understood ;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased ; to smile back in God's face

C

With the glad lips our mothers used to kiss.

Ah ! though we miss

All else but this,

To be good is enough !

JUST TO BE GOOD.

7

Charles Dickens, 1812.

And feeling still, with a grief half glad

That the bad are as good as the good are bad,

He strikes straight out for the Right ; and he

Is the kind of a man for you and me !

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

8

John Ruskin, 1819 ; Mary, Queen of Scots, executed, 1587.

What solace in the watches of the night ?—

What frailest staff of hope to stay—what faintest shaft of
light ?

Do we *dream* and dare *believe* it, that by never weight of
right

Of our own poor weak deservings, we shall win the
dawn at last—

Our famished souls find freedom from this penance for
the past,

In a faith that leaps and lightens from the gloom that
flees aghast—

Shall we survive the watches of the night ?

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

9.

John A. Logan, 1826.

In this existunce, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds 'll shet
The sun off now and then.

WET-WEATHER TALK.

10

Charles Lamb, 1775.

Wi' brimmin' lip, and laughin' ee,
Thou shookest even Grief wi' glee,
Yet had nae niggart sympathy
Where Sorrow bowed,
But gavest a' thy tears as free
As a' thy gowd.

TO ROBERT BURNS.

11

Lydia Maria Child, 1802; Thomas Alva Edison, 1847.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone !—
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant ?—
Let us temper our content
With His own.

KISSING THE ROD.

12

Peter Cooper, 1791 ; Abraham Lincoln, 1809 ; Charles Darwin,
1809 ; W. W. Story, 1819 ; George Meredith, 1828.

The kind of a man for you and me !
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the Wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists.

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

13

Richard Wagner died, 1883.

Beautiful Hands ! O Beautiful Hands !
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me, tonight,
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again ;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

14

Captain Cook killed in Sandwich Islands, 1779.

If I knew what poets know,
I would find a theme
Sweeter than the placid flow
Of the fairest dream :

I would sing of love that lives
On the errors it forgives ;
And the world would better grow,
If I knew what poets know.

IF I KNEW WHAT POETS KNOW.

15

S. Weir Mitchell, 1829.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain ;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again ;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today.

THE PRAYER-PERFECT.

16

George Kennan, 1845.

It's natchural enough, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less,
Fer them-uns on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fare divide.
And I've knowed some to lay in wait,
And git up soon, and set up late,
To ketch some feller they could hate
Fer goin' at a faster gait.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

17

When Age comes on !—
 O tide of raptures, long withdrawn,
 Flow back in summer-floods, and fling
 Here at our feet our childhood sweet,
 And all the songs we used to sing !

WHEN AGE COMES ON.

“Home, Sweet Home !” That boy has heard it on
 the hand-organ, perhaps, but never in his heart—you
 couldn’t grind it out of there with a thousand cranks.

JAMESY—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

18

Martin Luther died, 1546; Galileo born, 1564; Michael Angelo
 died, 1564; Paganini born, 1784; George Peabody born, 1795.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON !—
 Stay the hopes we are leaning on—
 You, Divine, with Your merciful eyes
 Looking down from the far-away skies,—
 Smile upon us, and reach and take
 Our worn souls Home for the old home’s sake !

OUT OF THE HITHERWHERE.

He referred to Angelo as “that master whose iron
 pencil painted language on lips of stone, and whose
 crudest works in clay might well outlive the marble
 monuments of modern art.”

A REMARKABLE MAN.

19

David Garrick, 1717 ; Edgar Allan Poe, 1809 ; Adelina Patti, 1843.

To hear her sing—to hear her sing,—
It is to hear the birds of Spring
In dewy groves on blooming sprays
Pour out their blithest roundelays.

TO HEAR HER SING.

20

Joseph Jefferson, 1829.

His mouth is a grin with the corners tucked in,
And his laugh is so breezy and bright
That it ripples his features and dimples his chin
With a billowy look of delight.

MY BACHELOR CHUM.

21

Cardinal Newman, 1801 ; Brander Matthews, 1852.

Lo ! steadfast and serene,
In patient pause between
The seen and the unseen,
What gentle zephyrs fan
Your silken, silver hair,—
And what diviner air
Breathes round you like a prayer,
Old man ?

THE OLD MAN.

22

George Washington, 1732; James Russell Lowell, 1819;
Margaret E. Sangster, 1838.

And though at last the gloom of night fell o'er them
And folded all the landscape from their eyes,
They only knew the dusky path before them
Was leading safely on to Paradise.

THE LOST PATH.

23

George Frederick Handel, 1732; John Keats died, 1821.

. . . . Thy languor seems
An ocean-depth of love wherein I sink
Like some fond Argonaut, right willingly.

SLEEP.

Welladay !
Here I lay
You at rest—all worn away,
O my pencil, to the tip
Of our old companionship !

A WORN-OUT PENCIL.

24

George William Curtis, 1824.

Sleep, little one ! The twilight folds her gloom
Full tenderly about the drowsy Day,—
And all his tinsel hours of light and bloom,
Like toys, are laid away.

SLUMBER-SONG.

25

Sir Christopher Wren died, 1723.

Where are they?—the friends of my childhood enchanted—

The clear, laughing eyes looking back in my own,
And the warm, chubby fingers my palms have so wanted,
As when we raced over

Pink pastures of clover,
And mocked the quail's whirr and the bumble-bee's
drone?

THE BOYS.

26

Victor Hugo, 1802.

Afterwhile—we have in view
A far scene to journey to,—
Where the old home is, and where
The old mother waits us there,
Peering, as the time grows late,
Down the old path to the gate.—

How we'll greet the dear old smile
And the warm tears—afterwhile !

POEM—AFTERWHILES.

27

Henry W. Longfellow, 1807.

His verse blooms like a flower night and day ;
Bees cluster round his rhymes ; and twitterings
Of lark and swallow, in an endless May,
Are mingling with the tender song he sings.—
Nor shall he cease to sing—in every lay
Of Nature's voice he sings—and will alway.

LONGFELLOW.

28

Montaigne, 1533 ; Elizabeth Rachel, the great French
tragédienne, 1821.

Go, Winter !—Go thy ways ! We want again
The twitter of the bluebird and the wren ;
Leaves ever greener growing, and the shine
Of *Summer's* sun—not *thine*.

GO, WINTER !

March

I

Chopin, 1809; W. D. Howells, 1837.

O the waiting in the watches of the night !
In the darkness, desolation, and contrition and affright ;
The awful hush that holds us shut away from all delight :
 The ever weary memory that ever weary goes
 Recounting ever over every aching loss it knows—
 The ever weary eyelids gasping ever for repose—
In the dreary, weary watches of the night !

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

2

For the thoughts that come in the shadows
 Never come in the shine.

IN THE DARK.

. . . . Some said he was the picture of his mother,
they who could remember her,—for she fell asleep when

Tod was three days old, with her mother-arms locked around him so closely that he cried, and they had to take him away from her. No.—Death had taken her away from him.

TOD—A PROSE SKETCH.

3

William Godwin, 1756 ; Macready, 1793.

The Child-heart is so strange a little thing—
 So mild—so timorously shy and small—
 When *grown-up* hearts throb, it goes scampering
 Behind the wall, nor dares peer out at all !—

 So lorn at times the Child-heart needs must be,
 With never one maturer heart for friend
 And comrade, whose tear-ripened sympathy
 And love might lend it comfort to the end—
 Whose yearnings, aches and stings,
 Over poor little things,
 Were pitiful as ever any Child-heart.

THE OLD-HOME FOLKS—A CHILD-WORLD.

4

Amos Bronson Alcott died, 1888.

It hain't no use to grumble and complane,—
 It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice :

When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

WET-WEATHER TALK—NEIGHBORLY POEMS.

5

James Madison, 1751.

When suddenly some shadow-bird
Goes wavering beneath the gaze,
And through the hedge the moan is heard
Of kine that fain would graze
In grasses new, I smile and say,
The Spring is coming round this way.

When coughs are changed to laughs, and when
Our frowns melt into smiles of glee,
And all our blood thaws out again
In streams of ecstasy,
And poets wreak their roundelay,
The Spring is coming round this way.

WHEN EARLY MARCH SEEMS MIDDLE MAY.

6

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1806; General Sheridan, 1831;
Artemus Ward died, 1867; Louisa M. Alcott died, 1888.

This woman with the dear child-heart,
Ye mourn as dead, is—where and what?

With faith as artless as her Art,
I question not.

A stately figure, rapt and awed,
In her new guise of Angelhood,
Still lingered, wistful, knowing God
Was very good. —

Her thought's fine whisper filled the pause ;
And, listening, the Master smiled,
And lo ! the stately angel was
—A little child.

THIS DEAR CHILD-HEARTED WOMAN THAT IS DEAD.

7

Sir John Herschel, 1792 ; Sir Edwin Landseer, 1802 ; John Richard
Green died, 1883.

O far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings,
Lead us through the shadowy aisles
Out into the afterwhiles.

AFTERWHILES.

8

Hereafter ! O we need not waste
Our smiles or tears, whate'er befall :
No happiness but holds a taste
Of something sweeter, after all ;—

No depth of agony but feels
Some fragment of abiding trust.—
Whatever death unlocks or seals,
The mute beyond is just.

THE HEREAFTER.

9

Edwin Forrest, 1806 ; Hector Berlioz died, 1869.

They walk here with us, hand-in-hand ;
We gossip, knee-by-knee ;
They tell us all that they have planned—
Of all their joys to be,—
And, laughing, leave us : And, today,
All desolate we cry
Across wide waves of voiceless graves—
Good-bye ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !

OUR OWN.

10

Queen Louise of Prussia, 1776.

So beautiful she was, it seemed
Men, looking on her, dreamed they dreamed.

WHEN MAIMIE MARRIED.

. . . . My eyes fell upon a painted face of such ineffable sweetness and beauty that I was fairly dazed. It was not an earthly form, at least in coloring, for the features seemed to glow with beatific light. The eyes were large, dark, and dewy, thrown upward with a

longing look, and filled with such intensity of tenderness one could but sigh to see them. . . . The lips were parted with an utterance that one could almost hear, and weep because the blessed voice was mute.

AN ADJUSTABLE LUNATIC.

II

Tasso, 1544 ; Charles Sumner died, 1874.

When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I
wear

Be changed to softest satin, and my maiden-braided hair
Be ravelled into flossy mists of rarest, fairest gold,
To be minted into kisses more than any heart can
hold?—

Or “the summer of my tresses” shall my lover liken to
“The fervor of his passion”—when my dreams come
true?

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

12

Richard Steele, 1672 ; Bishop Berkeley, 1685.

. . . I love it. . . . Either unconfined,
Or plaited in close braidings manifold ;
Or smoothly drawn ; or indolently twined
In careless knots whose coilings come unrolled
At any lightest kiss ; or by the wind
Whipped out in flossy ravelings of gold.

HER HAIR.

13

I am weary of waiting, and weary of tears,
And my heart wearies, too, all these desolate years,
Moaning over the one only song that it knows,—
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose !

THE LITTLE RED RIBBON.

14

Victor Emmanuel, 1820 ; Jared Sparks died, 1866.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear ;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near.

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

15

Julius Caesar killed, B.C. 44.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON
Where all the friends of your youth have gone,—
Where the old schoolmate that laughed with you,
Will laugh again as he used to do,
Running to meet you, with such a face
As lights like a moon that wondrous place
Where God is living, and *glad* to live,
Since He is the Master and may forgive.

OUT OF THE HITHERWHERE.

D

16

Sir William Herschel, 1738.

O the present is too sweet
 To go on forever thus !
 Round the corner of the street
 Who can say what waits for us ?—
 Meeting—greeting, night and day,
 Faring each the self-same way—
 Still somewhere the path must end.—
 Reach your hand to me, my friend !
 REACH YOUR HAND TO ME.

17

Marcus Aurelius died, 180 A.D. ; Madame Roland born, 1754.
 Mrs. Jameson died, 1860.

O touch me with your hands—
 For pity's sake !
 My brow throbs ever on with such an ache
 As only your cool touch may take away ;
 And so, I pray
 You, touch me with your hands !
 THE PASSING OF A HEART.

18

Grover Cleveland, 1837.

Dreamer, say, will you dream of love
That lives in a land of sweet perfume,
Where the stars drip down from the skies above
In molten spatters of bud and bloom?—
Where never the weary eyes are wet,
And never a sob in the balmy air,
And only the laugh of the paraquette
Breaks the sleep of the silence there.

DREAMER, SAY.

19

David Livingstone, 1813.

Twining arms about us thrown—
Warm caresses, all our own,
Can but stay us for a spell—
Love hath little new to tell
To the soul in need supreme,
Aching ever with the dream
Of the endless bliss it may
Find in lands of Where-Away!

WHERE-AWAY.

20

Sir Isaac Newton died, 1727 ; Neal Dow, 1804 ;
Henrik Ibsen, 1828.

I pray you, do not use this thing
For vengeance ; but if questioning
What wound, when dealt your humankind,
Goes deepest,—surely he will find
Who wrongs *you*, loving *him* no less,
There's nothing hurts like tenderness.

WHAT REDRESS.

21

Bach born, 1685 ; Jean Paul Richter, 1763 ; Lawrence Barrett
died, 1891.

Where's a heart as mellow ?
Where's a soul as free ?
Where is any fellow
We would rather be ?
Just ourselves or none, boys,
World around and wide,
Laughing in the sun, boys,
On the sunny side !

ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

22

Van Dyck, 1599 ; Rosa Bonheur, 1828 ; Goethe died, 1832.

This is the way the baby slept :
A mist of tresses backward thrown

By quavering sighs where kisses crept
With yearnings she had never known :
The little hands were closely kept
About a lily newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept.
And this is the way the baby slept.
THE WAY THE BABY SLEPT.

23

There ! little girl ; don't cry !
They have broken your heart, I know ;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago ;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There ! little girl ; don't cry !
A LIFE-LESSON.

24

Henry W. Longfellow died, 1882.

The winds have talked with him confidingly ;
The trees have whispered to him ; and the night
Hath held him gently as a mother might,
And taught him all sad tones of melody ;

The mountains have bowed to him ; and the sea,
 In clamorous waves, and murmurs exquisite,
 Hath told him all her sorrow and delight—
 Her legends fair—her darkest mystery.

LONGFELLOW.

25

.
 Then the face of a Mother looks back, through the mist
 Of the tears that are welling ; and, lucent with light,
 I see the dear smile of the lips I have kissed,
 As she knelt by my cradle at morning and night ;
 And my arms are outheld, with a yearning too wild
 For any but God in His love to inspire,
 As she pleads at the foot of His throne for her child,—
 As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

ENVOY—RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD.

26

Beethoven died, 1827.

Tinge with the embers' ruddy glow
 The rafters low ;
 And let the sparks snap with delight,
 As fingers might
 That mark deft measures of some tune
 The children croon.

KNEELING WITH HERRICK.

27

When it's night, and no light, too,
Wakin' by yourself,
With the old clock mockin' you
On the mantel-shelf ;
In the dark—so still and black,
You're afeard you'll hear
Somepin' awful pop and crack.—
“Go to sleep, my dear !”

That's what *Mother* says,—and *then's*
When we aint afeard !
Wunder, when we be big mens,
Then 'ull we be skeered ?—
Some night *Mother's* goned away,
And ist *us* is here,
Will the *Good Man* wake and say
“Go to sleep, my dear” ?

IN THE NIGHT.

28

Raphael, 1483.

We artists live ideally :
We breed our firmest facts of air ;
We make our own reality—
We dream a thing and it is so.

The fairest scenes we ever see
 Are mirages of memory ;
 The sweetest thoughts we ever know
 We plagiarize from Long-ago.

ORLIE WILDE.

29

Amelia E. Barr, 1831.

For, we know, not every morrow
 Can be sad ;
 So, forgetting all the sorrow
 We have had,
 Let us fold away our fears,
 And put by our foolish tears,
 And through all the coming years
 Just be glad.

KISSING THE ROD.

30

John Fiske, 1842.

Now what *I'd* like and what *you'd* like is plane enough to
 see :
 Its jest to have old Providence drop round on you and
 me

And ast us what our views is first, regardin' shine er
rain,
And post 'em when to shet her off, er let her on again !
And yit I'd ruther, after all—considern other chores
I' got on hands, a-'tendin' both to my affairs and yours—
I'd ruther miss the blame I'd git, a-rulin' things up
there,
And spend my extry time in praise and gratitude and
prayer.

US FARMERS.

31

Descartes, 1596 ; Haydn, 1732 ; Andrew Lang, 1844 ;
Charlotte Brontë died, 1855.

O Thou that doth all things devise
And fashon fer the best,
He'p us who sees with mortul eyes
To overlook the rest.

A HYMN OF FAITH—NEIGHBORLY POEMS.

April

I

Bismarck, 1815.

Muddy yit along the pike
Sence the Winter's freezin',
And the orchard's back'ard-like
Bloomin' out this season ;
Only heerd one bluebird yit—
Nary robin ner tomtit.

ME AND MARY.

2

Thomas Jefferson, 1743 ; Hans Andersen, 1805 ;
Emile Zola, 1840.

This morning I was 'most afeard
To wake up—when, i jing !
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of Spring !

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

3

Washington Irving, 1783 ; Edward Everett Hale, 1822 ;
Harriet Prescott Spofford, 1835.

Us folks in the country sees
Lots o' fun !—Take spellin'-school ;
Er ole hoe-down jamborees ;
Er revivals ; er ef you'll
Tackle taffy-pullin's you
Kin git fun, and quite a few !

AT "THE LITERARY."

4

Oliver Goldsmith died, 1774 ; Lawrence Barrett born, 1838 ;
Peter Cooper died, 1883.

When but a little boy, it seemed
My dearest rapture ran
In fancy ever, when I dreamed
I was a man—a man !

Now—sad perversity !—my theme
Of rarest, purest joy
Is when, in fancy blest, I dream
I am a little boy.

ENVOY—"ARMAZINDY."

5

Frank R. Stockton, 1834 ; Algernon Swinburne, 1837.

" Whatever the weather may be," says he—

" Whatever the weather may be,

It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,

That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

SAYS HE.

Hays has a peculiar walk : I'd know it if I heard
it in the grass above my grave.

TALE OF A SPIDER.

6

Raphael died, 1520 ; Albert Sidney Johnston died, 1862.

Sence Little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange
and still

W'y, I miss his yell o' " Gran'pap ! " as I'd miss the
whipperwill !

And to think I used to *scol'd* him fer his everlastin' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys !—

I wisht a hunderd times a day 'at he'd come trompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud ag'in !—
It 'ud seem like some soft music played on some fine
insturment,

'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence Little Wesley
went !

THE ABSENCE OF LITTLE WESLEY.

7

William Wordsworth, 1770.

O lips, cleft to the ripe core of all sweets,
 With poems, like nectar, issuing therefrom,
 Thy gentle utterances do overcome
 My listening heart and all the love of it !

TO MY GOOD MASTER.

8

O the Raggedy Man ! He works fer Pa ;
 An' he's the gooddest man ever you saw !
 He comes to our house every day,
 An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay ;
 An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
 When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf ;
 An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
 He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—

Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man ?

Raggedy ! Raggedy ! Raggedy Man !

THE RAGGEDY MAN.

9

Lord Bacon died, 1626.

But when Spring-weather opened out, and John was to
 come home
 And he'p me through the season, I was glad to see him
 come ;

But my happiness, that evening, with the settin' sun went
down,
When he bragged of "a position" that was offered him in
town.

And go he did!—his mother clingin' to him at the gate,
A-pleadin' and a-cryin'; but it hadn't any weight.
I was tranquil, and told her 'twarn't no use to worry so,
And onclasped her arms from round his neck round mine
—and let him go!

HOW JOHN QUIT THE FARM.

IO

Hazlitt, 1778; Lew Wallace, 1827.

Give me the baby to hold, my dear—
To hold and hug, and to love and kiss.
Ah! he will come to me, never a fear—
Come to the nest of a breast like this,
As warm for him as his face with cheer.
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

GIVE ME THE BABY.

II

Edward Everett, 1794.

Now *Love's* as cannin' a little thing
As a hummin'-bird upon the wing,
And as liable to poke his nose
Jest where folks would least suppose,—

And more'n likely build his nest
Right in the heart you'd leave unguessed,
And live and thrive at your expense—
At least, that's *my* experience.

SQUIRE HAWKINS'S STORY.

12

Henry Clay, 1777.

.
I catch my breath, as children do
In woodland swings when life is new
And all the blood is warm as wine
And tingles with a tang divine.
My soul soars up the atmosphere
And sings aloud where God can hear ;
And all my being leans intent
To mark His smiling wonderment.

.
O gracious dream, and gracious time,
And gracious theme, and gracious rhyme—
When buds of Spring begin to blow
In blossoms that we used to know,
And lure us back along the ways
Of time's all-golden yesterdays !

THE ALL-GOLDEN.

13

Madame Guyon, 1648.

.

Yer sympathizin' won't wake up the sleeper from his rest—
Yer tears won't thaw them hands o' his 'at's froze acrost
his breast !

.
WHEN THE HEARSE COMES BACK.

I never knew what silence was before. It will not
even whisper to me now.

TALE OF A SPIDER.

14

Handel died, 1759.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON—
The land that the Lord's love rests upon ;
Where one may rely on the friends he meets,
And the smiles that greet him along the streets ;
Where the mother that left you years ago
Will lift the hands that were folded so,
And put them about you, with all the love
And tenderness you are dreaming of.

OUT OF THE HITHERWHERE.

15

John Lothrop Motley, 1814 ; Henry James, 1843 ; Abraham
Lincoln died, 1865 ; Matthew Arnold died, 1888.

Now *there* was a man 'at jes 'peared like, to me,
'At ortn't *a-never* a-died !

" But death hain't a-showin' no favors," the old boss
said,

" On'y to *Jim* ! " and cried :

And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed-work in the
shop,

Er the whole blame neighborhood,

He says, " When God made Jim, I bet you He didn't
do anything else that day

But jes set around and feel good ! "

JIM.

16

Sir John Franklin, 1786.

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out today,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener
still ;

It may rain again to-morrow, but I don't think it will.

THOUGHTS FER THE DISCOURAGED FARMER.

E

17

Benjamin Franklin died, 1790.

.

Sometime I may need it so,
Groping somewhere in the night,
It will seem to me as though
Just a touch, however light,
Would make all the darkness day,
And along some sunny way
Lead me through an April-shower
Of my tears to this fair hour.

REACH YOUR HAND TO ME.

18

.
Through every happy line I sing
I feel the tonic of the Spring.
The day is like an old-time face
That gleams across some grassy place—
An old-time face—an old-time chum
Who rises from the grave to come
And lure me back along the ways
Of time's all-golden yesterdays. . . .
Sweet day ! to so remind me of
The truant boy I used to love.

THE ALL-GOLDEN.

19

Benjamin Disraeli died, 1881 ; Charles Darwin died, 1882.

.
Now, honestly, confess :
Is an old man any less
Than the little child we bless
 And caress when we can ?
Isn't age but just a place
Where you mask the childish face
To preserve its inner grace,
 Old man ?

THE OLD MAN.

20

Marcus Aurelius, 121 A.D. ; Alice Cary, 1820 ; Markos Bozzaris
died, 1823.

.
When our baby-feet were first
Planted where the daisies burst,
And the greenest grasses grew
In the fields we wandered through. —
On, with childish discontent,
Ever on and on we went,
Hoping still to pass, some day,
O'er the verge of Where-Away.

WHERE-AWAY.

21

Charlotte Brontë, 1816; "Josh Billings," 1818; Friedrich Fröbel,
1782.

Sometimes, when I bin bad,
An' Pa "correcks" me nen,
An' Uncle Sidney *he* comes here,
I'm alluz good again;

'Cause Uncle Sidney says,
An' takes me up an' smiles,—
The goodest mens they is ain't good
As baddest little child's!

UNCLE SIDNEY.

22

Henry Fielding, 1707; Madame de Staël, 1766; Philip James
Bailey, 1816.

Orphaned, I cry to thee :
Sweet Sleep ! O kneel and be
A mother unto me !
Calm thou my childish fears :
Fold—fold mine eyelids to, all tenderly,
And dry my tears.

SLEEP.

23

Shakespeare born, April 23, 1564—died April 23, 1616 ; Cervantes died, 1616 ; Turner born, 1775 ; James Anthony Froude, 1818 ; Thomas Nelson Page, 1853.

For yours is the music that appeals
 To all the fervor the boy's heart feels—
 All his glories, his wildest cheers,
 His bravest hopes, and his brightest tears.
 "THE LITTLE MAN IN THE TINSHOP."

24

Anthony Trollope, 1815 ; James T. Fields died, 1881.

We must get home !—All is so quiet there :
 The touch of loving hands on brow and hair—
 Dim rooms, wherein the sunshine is made mild—
 The lost love of the mother and the child
 Restored in restful lullabies of rain.—
 We must get home—we must get home again !

THE HOME-GOING.

25

Oliver Cromwell, 1599 ; Keble, 1792 ; Cooper died, 1800.

All my feelin's in the Spring
 Gits so blame contrary,
 I can't think of anything
 Only me and Mary !

ME AND MARY.

26

Daniel Defoe died, 1731; Frederick Law Olmsted, 1822.

When she comes home again ! A thousand ways
 I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
 Of my glad welcome : I shall tremble—yes ;
 And touch her, as when first in the old days
 I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
 Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

27

Edward Gibbon, 1737; S. F. B. Morse, inventor of telegraphy,
 1791; Louis Kossuth, 1802; Herbert Spencer, 1820; General
 Grant, 1822.

U. S. Grant.

And this is the man, with features grim
 And stoical as the Sphinx's own,
 That heard the harsh guns calling him,
 As musical as the bugle blown,
 When the sweet Spring heavens were clouded o'er
 With a tempest, glowering and wild,
 And our country's flag bowed down before
 Its bursting wrath as a stricken child.

GRANT.

28

Earl of Shaftesbury, 1801.

My mother she's so good to me,
 Ef I was good as I could be,

I couldn't be as good—no, *sir* !—
 Can't *any* boy be good as her !

A BOY'S MOTHER.

29

Peering through the window-pane,
 Naught but endless raining—
 Endless sighing, and, as vain,
 Endlessly complaining.

Shine and shine ! and shine and shine !
 Ah ! *today* the splendor !—
 All this glory yours and mine—
 God ! but God is tender !
 We to sigh instead of sing,
Yesterday, in sorrow,
 While the Lord was fashioning
 This for our Tomorrow !

WE TO SIGH INSTEAD OF SING.

30

Sir John Lubbock, 1834 ; Chevalier Bayard died, 1524 ; David
 Livingstone died, 1873.

And there was the little window—
 Tinkle, and drip, and drip !—
 The rain above, and a mother's love,
 And God's companionship !

THE HARPER.

May

I

Addison, 1672 ; Dryden died, 1700 ; Duke of Wellington, 1769.
While the heart beats young !—O the splendor of the
Spring
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing !—
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom-time of May
Is not so sweet a season as the season of today
While Youth's diviner climate folds and holds us, close
caressed,
As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and
breast ;—
Our bare feet in the meadows, and our fancies up among
The airy clouds of morning—while the heart beats
young.

A CHILD-WORLD.

2

Leonardo da Vinci died, 1519 ; William Beckford died, 1844.

March ain't never nothin' new !—
Aprile's altogether too

Brash fer me ! and May—I jes
 'Bominate its promises,—
 Little hints o' sunshine and
 Green around the timber-land—
 A few blossoms, and a few
 Chip-birds, and a sprout er two—
 Drap asleep, and it turns in
 'Fore daylight and snows ag'in !

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.

3

Thomas Hood died, 1845.

Weary of the weary way
 We have come from Yesterday,
 Let us fret us not, instead,
 Of the weary way ahead.

Let us pause and catch our breath
 On the hither side of death,
 While we see the tender shoots
 Of the grasses—not the roots.

A PASSING HAIL.

4

Audubon, 1780 ; W. H. Prescott, 1796 ; Huxley, 1825.

A poor man ?—Yes, I must confess
 No wealth of gold do I possess ;

No pastures fine, with grazing kine,
 Nor fields of waving grain are mine ;
 But ah, my friend ! I've wealth, no end !—
 For millionaires might condescend
 To bend the knee and envy me
 This opulence of poverty.

A POOR MAN'S WEALTH.

5

Napoleon died, 1821 ; Empress Eugénie born, 1826.

.
 O Child-World : After *this* world—just as when
 I found you first sufficed
 My soulmost need—if I found you again,
 With all my childish dreams so realized,
 I should not be surprised.

PROEM—A CHILD-WORLD.

6

Henry D. Thoreau died, 1862.

.
 Worked at jes coarse work, but you kin bet he was fine
 enough in his talk,
 And his feelin's too !

114.

7

Robert Browning, 1812.

The storm of love has burst at last
Full on me : All the world, before,
Was like an alien, unknown shore
Along whose verge I laughing passed.—
But now—I laugh not any more,—
Bowed with a silence vast in weight
As that which falls on one who stands
For the first time on ocean sands,
Seeing and feeling all the great
Awe of the waves as they wash the lands
And billow and wallow and undulate.

EROS.

8

Gustave Flaubert died, 1880.

Blossoms crimson, white, or blue,
Purple, pink and every hue,
From sunny skies, to tintings drowned
In dusky drops of dew,
I praise you all, wherever found,
And love you through and through ;—
But, Blossoms On The Trees,
With your breath upon the breeze,
There's nothing all the world around
As half as sweet as *you* !

THE BLOSSOMS ON THE TREES.

9

John Brown, 1800.

. . . His love did feed
 The loveless ; and his gentle hands did lead
 The blind, and lift the weak, and balm the smart
 Of other wounds than rankled at the dart
 In his own breast, that gloried thus to bleed.
 He served the lowliest first—nay, them alone—
 . . .
 God ! how the merest man loves one like that !

JOHN BROWN.

10

Jared Sparks, 1789 ; Paul Revere died, 1818 ; Stonewall
 Jackson died, 1863.

Afterwhile, and we will fall
 Under breezy trees, and loll
 In the shade, with thirsty sight
 Drinking deep the blue delight
 Of the skies that will bequile
 Us as children—afterwhile.

AFTERWHILES.

11

Gérôme, 1824 ; Madame Récamier died, 1849.

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabeth Ann ;
 An' she can cook best things to eat !
 She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
 An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet,

An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon ; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop and slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
An' git all spilled ; nen bakes it, so
It's custard pie, first thing you know !
OUR HIRED GIRL.

12

Sheridan Knowles, 1784 ; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828.
Low, low down in the violets I press
My lips and whisper to her. Does she hear,
And yet hold silence, though I call her dear,
Just as of old, save for the tearfulness
Of the clenched eyes, and the soul's vast distress.
HAS SHE FORGOTTEN.

13

Maria Theresa, 1717 ; Daudet, 1840 ; Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1842.
The echoes of old voices, wound
In limpid streams of laughter where
The river Time runs bubble-crowned,
And giddy eddies ripple round
The lilies growing there ;
.
.
.
.
.
Thus—thus, with open arms and eyes
Uplifted toward the alien skies,

Forgetting every earthly thing,
I hear the song I never sing:

THE SONG I NEVER SING.

I 4

Dante, 1265.

The rain ! the rain ! the rain !
Pouring, with never a pause,
Over the fields and the green byways—
How beautiful it was !

THE RAIN.

I 5

Edmund Kean died, 1833 ; Emily Dickinson died, 1886.

But yesterday
I looked away
O'er happy lands, where sunshine lay
In golden blots,
Inlaid with spots
Of shade and wild forget-me-nots.

No more for me
Nor mine shall be
Thy raptures—save in memory,—
No more—no more—
Till through the Door
Of Glory gleam the days of yore.

THE SONG OF YESTERDAY.

16

W. H. Seward, 1801 ; Florence Nightingale, 1820.

Living, 'twas but a *dream* of bliss—
Now I realize all it is ;
And now my only shadow of grief
Is that I may not give relief
Unto those living and dreaming on,
And woo them graveward, as I have gone,
And show death's loveliness,—for they
Shudder and shrink as they walk this way,
Never dreaming that all they dread
Is their purest delight when dead.

Thus it was, or it seemed to be,
That the voice of the dead man spoke to me.

WHAT A DEAD MAN SAID.

17

Edward Jenner, 1749 ; Mrs. Jameson, 1794.

Who's got the lovin' eye, and heart, and brain
To recko'nize 'at nothin's made in vain—
'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds
And brutes first choice, and us-folks afterwards !

PROEM—POEMS HERE AT HOME.

18

O in the depths of midnight
What fancies haunt the brain !
When even the sigh of the sleeper
Sounds like a sob of pain.

The old clock down in the parlor
Like a sleepless mourner grieves,
And the seconds drip in the silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.

IN THE DARK.

19

Anne Boleyn died, 1536 ; Boswell died, 1795 ; Hawthorne died,
1864.

O the Poet of the Future ! He will come as man to
man,
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest face of
tan,
The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love
For human-kind and nature-kind, about him and above.
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth ; his lifted brow
will bear
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the
plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

20

Honoré de Balzac, 1799 ; John Stuart Mill, 1806 ; Lafayette died,
1834.

God pity the heart that repelled her,
And the cold hand that turned her away !
And take, from the lips that denied her,
This answerless prayer of today !

THE LOST KISS.

. . . What is it in the souls of little children so
antagonistic to your own sometimes ? What is it in their
wayward and impulsive natures that you cannot brook ?
. . . Why is it you so covetously cherish the command
divine, " Children, obey your parents," and yet find no
warm nook within the breast for that old, houseless truth
that goes wailing through the world,

" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts " ?

TOD—A PROSE SKETCH.

21

Dürer, 1471 ; Columbus died, 1506 ; Alexander Pope born, 1688 ;
Elizabeth Fry, 1780.

Just to be good —
This is enough—enough !
O we who find sin's billows wild and rough,

F

Do we not feel how more than any gold
 Would be the blameless life we led of old
 While yet our lips knew but a mother's kiss?
 Ah ! though we miss
 All else but this,
 To be good is enough !

JUST TO BE GOOD.

22

Constantine the Great died, 337 ; Richard Wagner born, 1813 ;
 Victor Hugo died, 1885.

The Pipes of Pan ! Not idler now are they
 Than when their cunning fashioner first blew
 The pith of music from them : Yet for you
 And me their notes are blown in many a way
 Lost in our murmurings for that old day
 That fared so well without us.—Waken to
 The pipings here at hand. . . .

PROEM—PIPES O' PAN AT ZEKESBURY.

23

Savonarola executed at Florence, 1498 ; Grand Florentine Demon-
 stration in Honour of Savonarola's Martyrdom, 1898.

Wait for the morning, O thou smitten child,
 Scorned, scourged and persecuted and reviled—
 Athirst and famishing, none pitying thee,
 Crowned with the twisted thorns of agony—

No faintest gleam of sunlight through the dense
 Infinity of gloom to lead thee thence.—
 Wait for the morning :—It will come indeed,
 As surely as the night hath given need.

WAIT FOR THE MORNING.

24

Queen Victoria, 1819 ; William Lloyd Garrison died, 1879.

I've allus noticed grate success
 Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
 And it's the man who does the best
 That gits more kicks than all the rest.

MY PHILOSOPHY—NEIGHBORLY POEMS.

25

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803 ; Bulwer Lytton, 1803.

The kind of a man for me and you !
 However little of worth we do
 He credits full, and abides in trust
 That time will teach us how more is just.

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

26

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1689.

Very first night I was there
 I was 'p'inted to be what
 They call "Critic"—so's a fair
 And square jedgment could be got

On the pieces 'at was read,
 And on the debate,—“ Which air
 Most destructive element,
 Fire er worter? Then they had
 Compositions on “ Content,”
 “ Death,” and “ Botany ” ; and Tomps
 He read one on “ Dreenin' Swamps ”
 I p'nounced the boss, and said,
 “ So fur, 'at's the best thing read
 In yer ' Literary ' ! ”

AT “ THE LITERARY.”

27

Julia Ward Howe, 1819 ; Paganini died, 1840.

The funniest thing in the world, I know,
 Is watchin' the monkeys 'at's in the show !—

They're the funniest thing in the world, I think.—
 Funny to watch 'em eat an'-drink ;
 Funny to watch 'em watchin' us,
 An' actin' 'most like grown folks does !—
 Funny to watch 'em p'tend to be
 Skeerd at their tail 'at they happen to see ;—
 But the funniest thing in the world they do
 Is never to *laugh*, like me an' you !

RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD.

Granny's come to our house,
And ho ! my lawsy-daisy !
All the childern round the place
Is ist a-runnin' crazy !

GRANNY.

28

Thomas Moore, 1779 ; Agassiz, 1807.

Again we stretch our limbs upon the bed
Where first our simple, childish prayers were said,
And while, without, the gallant cricket trills
A challenge to the solemn whippoorwills ;
And, filing on the chorus with his glee,
The Katydid whets all the harmony
To feather-edge of incoherent song,
We drop asleep, and peacefully along
The current of our dreams we glide away
To the dim harbor of another day.

A CHILD'S HOME, LONG AGO.

29

Patrick Henry, 1736 ; Sir Humphry Davy died, 1829.

I allus argy that the man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute.

NEIGHBORLY POEMS.

30

Decoration Day ; Joan of Arc executed, 1431.

A Monument for the Soldiers !

Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of !
And see that ye build it stately,
In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate !

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS.

31

Haydn died, 1809 ; Walt Whitman born, 1819.

The mother of the little boy that sleeps
Has blest assurance, even as she weeps :
She knows her little boy has now no pain—
No further ache, in body, heart or brain ;
All sorrow is lulled for him—all distress
Passed into utter peace and restfulness.—
All health that heretofore has been denied—
All happiness, all hope, and all beside
Of childish longing, now he clasps and keeps
In voiceless joy—the little boy that sleeps.

LITTLE DAVID.

June

I

When June is here—what art have we to sing
The whiteness of the lilies 'midst the green
Of noon-tranced lawns? or flash of roses seen
Like redbirds' wings? or earliest ripening
Prince-Harvest apples, where the cloyed bees cling
Round winy juices oozing down between
The peckings of the robin?

WHEN JUNE IS HERE.

2

John G. Saxe, 1816; Thomas Hardy, 1840; Garibaldi died, 1882.

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plane
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wunder away in a bare-footed dream,
Whare I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam

With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept ore the graves that I'm weepin' above.

THE CLOVER—NEIGHBORLY POEMS.

3

Sidney Smith, 1771 ; Henry James, Sr., 1811.

O queenly month of indolent repose !
I drink thy breath in sips of rare perfume,
As in thy downy lap of clover-bloom
I nestle like a drowsy child and doze
The lazy hours away.

JUNE.

. . . "I used to write," he answered, as though loath to make the acknowledgement,—“that is : I sometimes rode Pegasus as a groom might ride his master's horse—but my flights were never high—never high !”

A REMARKABLE MAN.

4

Lady Blessington died, 1849.

Half consciously, with upturned eyes,
I hear your voice—I see the skies,
Where, o'er bright rifts, the swallows glance
Like glad thoughts o'er a countenance ;
And voices near and far are blent
Like sweet chords of some instrument

Awakened by the trembling touch
Of hands that love it overmuch.

Dear heart, let be the book awhile !
I want your face—I want your smile !

ONE AFTERNOON.

5

. . . And O the delight of
The sight of the stars and the moon and the sea,
And the infinite skies of that opulent night of
Purple and gold and ivory !

MOON-DROWNED.

6

Pierre Corneille, 1606 ; Nathan Hale, 1755.

Tell you what I like the best :—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine,—some afternoon
Like to jes git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else !

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.

7

Robert Bruce died, 1329 ; Edwin Booth died, 1893.

In your reposeful gaze
The dusk of Autumn days
Is blent with April haze,
As when of old began

The bursting of the bud
 Of rosy babyhood—
 When all the world was good,
 Old Man.

THE OLD MAN.

8

Schumann, 1810; Charles Reade, 1814; Sir John Millais, 1829.

Old wortermelon-time is a-comin' round again,
 And they ain't no man a-livin' any tickleder'n me,
 For the way I hanker after wortermelons is a sin—
 Which is the why and wherefore as you can plainly see.

WORTERMELON-TIME.

9

George Stephenson, inventor of the "Iron Horse," born, 1781; John
 Howard Payne, singer of "Home, Sweet Home," 1792.

Then stretch away, my gallant steed !
 Thy mission is a noble one :
 Thou bear'st the father to the son,
 And sweet relief to bitter need ;
 Thou bear'st the stranger to his friends ;
 Thou bear'st the pilgrim to the shrine,
 And back again the prayer he sends
 That God will prosper me and mine,—
 The star that on thy forehead gleams
 Has blossomed in our brightest dreams.

THE IRON HORSE.

IO

Sir Edwin Arnold, 1831.

. . . I want to be
At utter loaf with you in this dim land
Of grove and meadow, while the crickets make
Our own talk tedious, and the bat wields
His bulky flight, as we cease converse, and,
In a dusk like velvet, smoothly take
Our way toward home across the dewy fields.

A VOICE FROM THE FARM.

II

Sir John Franklin died, 1847.

Little Winnie once averred
Bessie looked just like the bird
Tilted on the topmost spray
Of the apple-boughs in May,
With the red breast, and the strong
Clear, sweet warble of his song.—
“ I don’t know their *name*,” Win said—
“ I ist *maked* a name instead.”—
So forever afterwards
We called robins “ Bessie-birds.”

THE ROBINS’ OTHER NAME.

I 2

Harriet Martineau, 1802 ; Charles Kingsley, 1819 ; William Cullen Bryant died, 1878.

. . . Summer was here,
And I strayed from the town and its dust and heat,
And walked in a wood, while the noon was near,
Where the shadows were cool, and the atmosphere
Was misty with fragrances stirred by my feet
From surges of blossoms that billowed sheer
Of the grasses, green and sweet.

A GLIMPSE OF PAN.

I 3

Month a man kin raily love—
June, you know, I'm talkin' of !

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.

" . . . And now your other arm around her waist ;
—quick, man, quick, as you yourself will want God's arm
about you when you fail ! "

ECCENTRIC MR. CLARK.

I 4

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1812.

.
Soak your hide in sunshine and waller in the shade—
Like the Good Book tells us—" where there're none to
make afraid ! "

Well !—I never seen the ocean ner I never seen the sea—
On the banks o' Deer Crick's grand enough fer me !

ON THE BANKS O' DEER CRICK.

15

An' nen all three'll drive roun' fer me,
An' we'll drive off togevvver,
A-slingin' pie-crust 'long the road
Ferever an' ferever !

RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD.

Afterwhile—and we will go
Thither, yon, and to and fro—
From the stifling city streets
To the country's cool retreats—
From the riot to the rest,
Where hearts beat the placidest.

AFTERWHILES.

16

Etelka Gerster, 1857.

O Wonderland of wayward Childhood ! what
An easy, breezy realm of summer calm
And dreamy gleam and gloom and bloom and balm
Thou art !—The Lotus-Land the poet sung,
It is the Child-World—while the heart beats young.

A CHILD-WORLD.

17

Gounod, 1818 ; Addison died, 1719.

"The Old Swimmin'-Hole"—first published poem of The Hoosier
Poet—appeared June 17, 1882.

.
Oh ! the old swimmin'-hole ! In the happy days of yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,
Oh ! it showed me a face, in its warm, sunny tide,
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with sich tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck his
toll

From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE.

18

Noon-time and June-time, down around the river !
Clean out o' sight o' home, and skulkin' under kivver
Of the sycamores, jack-oaks, and swamp-ash and ellum—
Idies all so jumbled up, you kin hardly tell 'em !—
Tired, you know, but *lovin'* it, and smilin' jest to
think 'at

Any sweeter tiredness you'd fairly want to *drink* it.

DOWN AROUND THE RIVER.

19

Confucius, 551 B.C. ; Pascal, 1623.

Wait for the morning :—It will come indeed,
As surely as the night hath given need.
The yearning eyes, at last, will strain their sight
No more unanswered by the morning light ;
No longer will they vainly strive, through tears,
To pierce the darkness of thy doubts and fears,
But, bathed in balmy dew and rays of dawn,
Will smile with rapture o'er the darkness drawn.

WAIT FOR THE MORNING.

20

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1743.

Then blow the horn at the old back-door
Till the echoes all haloo,
And the children gethers home onc't more,
Jest as they ust to do.

A TALE OF THE AIRLY DAYS.

21

Capt. John Smith died, 1632 ; Fröbel died, 1852.

Children at the pasture-bars,
Through the dusk, like glimmering stars,

Waved their hands, that we should bide
 With them over eventide :
 Down the dark their voices failed
 Falteringly, as they hailed,
 And died into yesterday,—
 Night ahead and—"Where-Away?"

WHERE-AWAY.

22

Mary Cowden-Clarke, 1889.

Plague ! ef they ain't sompin' in
 Work 'at kindo' goes ag'in
 My convictions !—'long about
 Here in June especially.—
 Under some old apple-tree,
 Jes a-restin' through and through,
 I could git along without
 Nothin' else at all to do
 Only jes a-wishin' you
 Was a-gittin' there like me,
 And June was eternity !

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.

23

Why, I am as a long-lost boy that went
 At dusk to bring the cattle to the bars,
 And was not found again, though Heaven lent
 His mother all the stars

With which to seek him through that awful night.
 O years of nights as vain !—Stars never rise
 But well might miss their glitter in the light
 Of tears in mother-eyes !

A COUNTRY PATHWAY.

24

Henry Ward Beecher, 1813.

Heaven portions it thus, the old mystery dim,—
 It is midnight to us—it is morning to him.

AT CROWN HILL.

Last night how deep the darkness was !
 And well I knew its depths, because
 I waded it from shore to shore,
 Thinking to reach the light no more.

.

But ah ! tonight a summons came,
 Signed with a tear-drop for a name.

.

And now—the moon hangs over me,
 A disk of dazzling brilliancy,
 And every star-tip stabs my sight
 With splintered glitterings of light !

LAST NIGHT—AND THIS.

G

25

General Custer killed, 1876.

Through the breezy mazes
Of the lazy June,
Drowsy with the hazes
Of the dreamy noon,
Little Pixy people
Winged above the walk,
Pouring from the steeple
Of a mullein-stalk.

THE PIXY PEOPLE.

26

I'm bin a-visitun 'bout a week
To my little Cousin's at Nameless Creek ;
An' I'm got the hives an' a new straw hat,
An' I'm come back home where my beau lives at !

HOME AGAIN.

27

Dear Mother Goose ! Most motherly and dear
Of all good mothers who have laps wherein
We children nestle safest from all sin,—
I cuddle to thy bosom, with no fear
To there confess that, though thy cap be queer,
And thy curls gimblety, and thy cheeks thin,
And though the winkered mole upon thy chin

Tickles thy very nose-tip,—still to hear
 The jolly jingles of mine infancy
 Crooned by thee, makes mine eager arms, as now,
 To twine about thy neck, full tenderly
 Drawing the dear old face down, that thy brow
 May dip into my purest kiss, and be
 Crowned ever with the baby-love of me.

MOTHER GOOSE.

28

Rousseau, 1712.

Sund'y !—Country !—Morning !—Hear
 Nothin' but the silunce.—See
 Nothin' but green woods and clear
 Skies and unwrit poetry
 By the acre ! . . .

A PEN-PICTUR'.

29

Rubens, 1577 ; Henry Clay di ed, 1852 ; Celia Thaxter born, 1835.

We must get home : It hurts so, staying here,
 Where fond hearts must be wept out tear by tear,
 And where to wear wet lashes means, at best,
 When most our lack, the least our hope of rest—
 When most our need of joy, the more our pain—
 We must get home—we must get home again !

THE HOME-GOING.

30

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1861.

Then *night*.—She slept—in such tranquility,
I walk a-tiptoe still, nor *dare* to weep,
Feeling, in all this hush, she rests content—
That though God stood to wake her for me, she
Would mutely plead : “ Nay, Lord ! Let *him* so sleep.”

BY HER WHITE BED.

July

I

Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,
Fer me and you and plain old happiness :
We hear the World's lots grander—likely so,—
We'll take the World's word fer it and not go.—
We know *its* ways aint *our* ways—so we'll stay
Right here at home, boys, where we *know* the way.

RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

2

Gluck, 1714 ; Klopstock, 1724 ; Rousseau died, 1778.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the
brink
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to
drink,

And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's way-
ward cry

And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

3

John Singleton Copley, 1737.

Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The Cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

4

American Independence, 1776; Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804;
Garibaldi, 1807.

The dear old flag, whose faintest flutter flies
A stirring echo through each patriot breast,
Can never coax to life the folded eyes
That saw its wrongs redressed—

That watched it waver when the fight was hot,
And blazed with newer courage to its aid,
Regardless of the shower of shell and shot
Through which the charge was made;—

And when at last they saw it plume its wings,
Like some proud bird in stormy element,
And soar untrammelled on its wanderings,
They closed in death, content.

THE SILENT VICTORS.

. . . The old man worried on till July came at last, and with it that most glorious day that wrapped the baby-nation in its swaddling clothes of stripes and stars and laid it in the lap of Liberty.

TOD.

5

Sarah Siddons, 1755 ; Admiral Farragut, 1801 ; George Sand, 1804.

.
But I had longed for some sweet haven so !—
Wherein the tempest-beaten heart might ride .
Sometimes at peaceful anchor, and abide
Where those that loved me touched me with their hands,
And looked upon me with glad eyes, and slipped
Smooth fingers o'er my brow, and lulled the strands
Of my wild tresses, as they backward tipped
My yearning face and kissed it satisfied.

HE CALLED HER IN.

6

John Huss—First martyr to the Protestant faith, executed, 1415 ;
 Paul Jones born, 1747.

.
 Trompin' home acrost the fields: Lightnin'-bugs a-
 blinkin'
 In the wheat like sparks o' things feller keeps a-
 thinkin' :—
 Mother waitin' supper, and the childern there to cherr
 me ;
 And fiddle on the kitchen-wall a-jist *a-eechin'* fer me !
 DAWN, NOON, AND DEWFALL

7

.
 We are not always glad when we smile,—
 For the heart, in a tempest of pain,
 May live in the guise
 Of a smile in the eyes
 As a rainbow may live in the rain ;
 And the stormiest night of our woe
 May hang out a radiant star
 Whose light in the sky
 Of despair is a lie
 As black as the thunder-clouds are.
 SPIRK AND WUNK RHYMES, ROUNDS AND CATCHES.

8

La Fontaine born, 1621 ; Shelley drowned, 1822.

In eloquent tranquillity
The waters lisp and talk to me.
Sometimes, far out, the surface breaks,
As some proud bass an instant shakes
His glittering armor in the sun,
And romping ripples, one by one,
Come dallying across the space
Where undulates my smiling face.

AT BROAD RIPPLE.

9

Edmund Burke died, 1797 ; Washington Allston died, 1843.

Times, too, the little Child-heart must be glad—
Being so young, nor knowing, as *we* know,
The fact from fantasy, the good from bad,
The joy from woe, the—*all* that hurts us so !

Nay, little Child-heart, you have never need
To fear *us* ; we are weaker far than you.—
'Tis *we* who should be fearful—we indeed
Should hide us, too, as darkly as you do,—
Safe, as yourself, withdrawn,
Hearing the World roar on
Too wilful, woeful, awful for the Child-heart !

A CHILD-WORLD.

IO

William Blackstone, 1723.

Where do you go when you go to sleep,
 Little Boy ! Little Boy ! Where ?
 'Way—'way in where's Little Bo-Peep,
 And Little Boy Blue, and the Cows and Sheep,
 A-wandering 'way in there—in there—
 A-wandering 'way in there !

THROUGH SLEEPY-LAND.

"The best is to make yer own summer," says he.

SAYS HE.

II

John Quincy Adams, 1767.

And so when *my* time comes to die, and I've got ary
 friend
 'At wants expressed my last request—I'll, mebbly,
 rickommend
 To drive slow, ef they *haf* to, goin' 'long the out'ard
 track,
 But I'll smile and say, "You speed 'em
 When the
 Hearse
 Comes
 Back !"
 WHEN THE HEARSE COMES BACK.

12

Erasmus died, 1536 ; Josiah Wedgwood born, 1730 ; Alexander Hamilton died, 1804 ; H. D. Thoreau born, 1817.

. Up the skies
Of alien azure rolls the full, round moon
Like some vast bubble blown of summer noon.

THE SERENADE.

Dear Lord, to Thee my knee is bent,—
Give me content—
Full-pleasured with what comes to me,
Whate'er it be.

KNEELING WITH HERRICK.

13

Thomas Arnold, 1795 ; Freytag, 1816 ; John C. Fremont died, 1890.

A Song of Long Ago :
Sing it lightly—sing it low—
Sing it softly—like the lispings of the lips we used
to know
When our baby-laughter spilled
From the glad hearts ever filled
With music blithe as robin ever trilled !

A SONG OF LONG AGO.

14

Madame de Staël died, 1817.

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the
sheaves

Of happy harvest meadows ; and the grasses and the leaves
Shall lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun,
Till the noon swoons into twilight, and the gleaners' work
is done—

Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the reapers do
The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come
true.

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

15

Rembrandt, 1607 ; William Winter, 1836.

Right and proper, I expect,
Old times *can't* come back again ;
But I want to state, ef they
Could come back, and I could say
What my pick 'ud be, i jing !
I'd say : Gimme the old swing
'Nunder the old locus'-trees
On the old place, ef you please !—
Danglin' there with half-shet eye,
Waitin' fer the cat to die !

"WAITIN' FER THE CAT TO DIE."

16

Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723.

The dawn was a dawn of splendor,
And the blue of the morning skies
Was as placid and deep and tender
As the blue of a baby's eyes.

A WINDY DAY.

Then God smiled and it was morning.

LEONAINIE.

17

Isaac Watts, 1674.

Whoever's Foreman of all things here,
As my uncle ust to say,
HE knows each job 'at we're best fit fer,
And our round-up, night and day :
And a-sizin' *His* work, east and west,
And north and south, and worst and best,
I ain't got nothin' to suggest,
As my uncle ust to say.

AS MY UNCLE USED TO SAY.

18

Paul Jones died, 1792 ; Thackeray born, 1811 ; Jane Austen
died, 1817.

O darling Pathway ! lead me bravely on
Adown your valley way, and run before

Among the roses crowding up the lawn
And thronging at the door.—

And carry up the echo there that shall
Arouse the drowsy dog, that he may bay
The household out to greet the prodigal
That wanders home today.

A COUNTRY PATHWAY.

19

Queen Louise of Prussia died, 1810 ; Dorothea Dix died, 1887.

And I must rest.—Yet do not say “She *died*,”
In speaking of me, sleeping here alone.—
I kiss the grassy grave I sink beside,
And close mine eyes in slumber all mine own :
Hereafter I shall neither sob nor moan
Nor murmur one complaint ;—all I desired,
And failed in life to find, now will be known—
So let me dream. Good night ! And on the stone
Say simply : She was tired.

AN OUT-WORN SAPPHO.

20

Petrarch, 1304.

The Summer's put the idy in
My head that I'm a boy again ;

And all around's so bright and gay
I want to put my team away,
And jest git out whare I can lay
And soak my hide full of the day !

A SUMMER'S DAY.

21

Robert Burns died, 1796 ; Mrs. Grover Cleveland born, 1864.

And aye, by light o' sun or moon,
By banks o' Ayr, or Bonnie Doon,
The waters lilt nae tender tune
But sweeter seems
Because they poured their limpid rune
Through a' thy dreams.

TO ROBERT BURNS.

22

Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !—
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way !
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to
me—
Yit here I am, and here you air ; and yer mother—Where
is she ?

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

23

General Ulysses S. Grant died, July 23, 1885.

What shall we say of the soldier, Grant,
His sword put by and his great soul free ?

How shall we cheer him now or chant
His requiem befittingly?

.

He rests at last : he has borne his part
Of salutes and salvos and cheers on cheers—
But O the sobs of his country's heart,
And the driving rain of a nation's tears !

GRANT—AT REST.

24

Alexandre Dumas père, born 1802.

Pansies ! Pansies ! How I love you, pansies !
Jaunty-faced, laughing-lipped, and dewy-eyed with
glee :
Would my song might blossom out in little five-leaf
stanzas
As delicate in fancies
As your beauty is to me !

PANSIES.

.

So here, all alone with the roses you send—
Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint,—
My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old friend—
Is a-leakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't !

THEM FLOWERS.

25

S. T. Coleridge died, 1834; A. J. Balfour born, 1848.

I have no care.—I only know
 My hammock hides and holds me here
 In lands of shade a prisoner :
 While lazily the breezes blow
 Light leaves of sunshine over me,
 And back and forth and to and fro
 I swing, enwrapped in some hushed glee,
 Smiling at all things drowsily.

AT UTTER LOAF.

26

W. J. Florence, Comedian, 1831.

As it 's give' me to perceive,
 I most certin'y believe
 When a man's jist glad plum through,
 God's pleased with him, same as you.

NEGHBORLY POEMS.

They's nothin' much patheticker 'n jes a-bein' rich !

DOWN TO THE CAPITAL.

27

Thomas Campbell, 1777 ; Alexandre Dumas fils, 1824.

O from our life's full measure
 And rich hoard of worldly treasure
 We often turn our weary eyes away,
 And hand in hand we wander
 Down the old path winding yonder
 To the orchard where the children used to play.
 WHERE THE CHILDREN USED TO PLAY.

28

Bach died, 1750 ; Mary Anderson born, 1859.

O rarely soft, the touches of her hands,
 As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands ;
 Or pulse of dying fay ; or fairy sighs ;
 Or—in between the midnight and the dawn,
 When long unrest and tears and fears are gone—
 Sleep, smoothing down the lids of weary eyes.
 DEAR HANDS.

29

On the banks o' Deer Crick—mil'd er two from town—
 'Long up where the mill-race comes a-loafin' down,—
 Like to git up in there—'mongst the sycamores—
 And watch the worter at the dam, a-frothin' as she pours :

Crawl out on some old log, with my hook and line,
Where the fish is jes so thick you kin see 'em shine
As they flicker 'round yer bait, *coaxin'* you to jerk,
Tel yer tired ketchin' of 'em, mighty nigh, as *work* !

ON THE BANKS O' DEER CRICK.

30

Robert J. Burdette, 1844 ; Thomas Gray died, 1771.

He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love.

Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

31

Paul du Chaillu born, 1835.

O the rain and the sun, and the sun and the rain !
When the tempest is done, then the sunshine again ;
And in rapture we'll ride thro' the stormiest gales,
For God's hand 's on the helm and His breath in the sails.

Then murmur no more,

In lull or in roar,

But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

A SONG OF THE CRUISE.

August

I

Rarest mood of all the year !
Aimless, idle, and content—
Sky and wave and atmosphere
Wholly indolent.

WITH THE CURRENT.

My dear old friends—It jes beats all,
The way you write a letter
So ever' *last* line beats the *first*,
And ever' next-un's better !

WRITIN' BACK TO THE HOME-FOLKS.

2

Gainsborough died, 1788 ; Marion Crawford born, 1854.

They's sorrow in the wavin' leaves of all the apple-trees,
And sorrow in the harvest-sheaves, and sorrow in the
breeze ;

And sorrow in the twitter of the swallows round the
shed ;
And all the song her red-bird sings is " Little Haly's
dead ! "

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE MAHALA ASHCRAFT.

3

Christine Nilsson, 1843 ; Johanna Ambrosius, 1854.

Nay, foolish heart and blinded eyes !
My bride hath need of no disguise.—
But, rather, let her come to me
In such a form as bent above
My pillow when, in infancy,
I knew not anything but love.—
O let come from out the lands
Of *Womanhood*—not *fairy isles*,—
And let her come with Woman's hands,
And Woman's eyes of tears and smiles.
MY BRIDE THAT IS TO BE.

When girlish happiness locked hands with me
And we went spinning round, with naked feet
In swaths of bruised roses ankle-deep ;
When laughter rang unsilenced, unrebuked,
And prayers went unremembered, oozing clean

From the drowsed memory, as from the eyes
 The pure, sweet mother-face that bent above
 Glimmered and wavered, blurred, bent closer still
 A timeless instant, like a shadowy flame,
 Then flickered tremulously o'er the brow
 And went out in a kiss.

DWAINIE—IN THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT.

4

Shelley, 1792 ; Hans Christian Andersen died, 1875.

Then laugh on, happy Rain ! laugh louder yet !—
 Laugh out in torrent-bursts of watery mirth ;
 Unlock thy lips of purple cloud, and let
 Thy liquid merriment baptize the earth,
 And wash the sad face of the world, and set
 The Universe to music dripping-wet !

SPIRK AND WUNK RHYMES, ROUNDS AND CATCHES.

5

Guy de Maupassant, 1850.

The river's story flowing by
 Forever sweet to ear and eye,
 Forever tenderly begun—
 Forever new, and never done.

Thus lulled and sheltered in a shade
Where never feverish cares invade,
I bait my hook and cast my line,
And feel the best of life is mine.

AT BROAD RIPPLE.

6

Lord Tennyson, 1809.

This is thy voice's beatific art,—
To make melodious all things below,
Calling through them, from far, diviner space,
Thy clearer hail to us.—The faltering heart
Thou cheerest ; and thy fellow mortal so
Fares onward under Heaven with lifted face.

THREE SINGING FRIENDS.

7

Canon Farrar, 1831.

'Twas a summer such as broods
O'er enchanted solitudes,
Where the hand of Fancy leads us through volup-
tuary moods,
And with lavish love out-pours
All the wealth of out-of-doors,
And woos our feet o'er velvet paths and honey-
suckle floors.

A WRAITH OF SUMMERTIME.

8

Charles A. Dana, 1819.

.

For you, I could forget the gay

Delirium of merriment,

And let my laughter die away

In endless silence of content.

I could forget, for your dear sake,

The utter emptiness and ache

Of every loss I ever knew.—

What could I not forget for you?

SPIRK AND WUNK RHYMES, ROUNDS AND CATCHES.

9

Izaak Walton, 1593 ; John Dryden, 1631.

.

I only pray for simple grace

To look my neighbor in the face

Full honestly from day to day.—

Yield me his horny palm to hold,—

And I'll not pray

For gold.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

IO

When Old Jack died, it seemed to us, someway,
That all the other dogs in town were pained
With our bereavement, and some that were chained,
Even, unslipped their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last, sad tribute there,—while neighbors craned
Their heads above the high board-fence and deigned
To sigh "Poor Dog!" remembering how they
Had cuffed him, when alive, perchance, because
For love of them, he leaped to lick their hands.

WHEN OLD JACK DIED.

II

Low and clear, and pure and deep,
Ripples of the river sing—
Water-lilies, half asleep,
Drowsed with listening.

WITH THE CURRENT.

"... And I'll tell *you*, Wes Cotterl wuz no man's
fool! He wuz a deep thinker, Wes wuz; and ef he'd a'
jest turned that mind o' his loose on *preachin'*, fer in-
stance, and the 'terpertation o' the *Bible*, don't you know,
Wes 'ud a' worked pints out o' there 'at no livin' ex-
pounderers ever got in gunshot of!"

THE CHAMPION CHECKER-PLAYER OF AMERIKY.

12

Robert Southey, 1774; Helen Hunt Jackson died, 1885;
James Russell Lowell died, 1891.

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and
dance,
With every day a holiday and life a glad romance.—
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch
their flight—
Standing still the more enchanted, both of hearing and
of sight,
When they have vanished wholly,—for, in fancy, wing-
to-wing
We fly to Heaven with them; and, returning, still we
sing
The praises of this *lower* Heaven with tireless voice and
tongue,
Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart beats
young.

A CHILD-WORLD.

13

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, 1844.

O her beautiful eyes! they are blue as the dew
On the violet's bloom when the morning is new,
And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun
O'er the meadows of Spring where the quick shadows run.

HER BEAUTIFUL EYES.

14

Admiral Farragut died, 1870.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries ;
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory,
There lies a land, long lost to me,—
The land of Used-to-be !

THE USED-TO-BE.

15

Napoleon, 1769 ; Walter Scott, 1771 ; Dequincey, 1785.

When first I loved, in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss,
And said, “ I could die for a hand like this ! ”
Little I dreamed love's fulness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

16

And, to see them old things gone
That I onc't was bettin' on,

In rale pint o' fact, I feel
Kindo' like that worter-wheel,—
Sorto' drippy-like and wet
Round the eyes—but paddlin' yet,
And, in mem'ry, loafin' still
Down around old Kingry's Mill !

KINGRY'S MILL.

17

Frederick the Great died, 1786 ; Frederika Bremer born, 1801.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings ;
And under the catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumble-bee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock ;
And sullenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

A SUDDEN SHOWER.

18

Balzac died, 1850.

All listlessly we float
Out seaward in the boat
That beareth Love.

Our sails of purest snow
Bend to the blue below
And to the blue above.
Where shall we land?
"WHERE SHALL WE LAND?"

19

John Woolman, 1720.

A day of torpor in the sullen heat
Of Summer's passion : In the sluggish stream
The panting cattle lave their lazy feet,
With drowsy eyes, and dream.

Long since the winds have died, and in the sky
There lives no cloud to hint of Nature's grief ;
The sun glares ever like an evil eye,
And withers flower and leaf.

Till, throbbing on and on, the pulse of heat
Increases—reaches—passes fever's height,
And Day sinks into slumber, cool and sweet,
Within the arms of night.

AUGUST.

20

Robert Herrick, 1591.

Bachelors, we must confess,
Boast of "single blessedness"

To the world, but not alone—
Man's best sorrow is his own !

TOM VAN ARDEN.

21

Greuze, 1725 ; Tyndall, 1820.

The afternoon of summer folds
Its warm arms round the marigolds.

Beneath the sagging trellisings,
In lush, lack-lustre clusterings,

Great torpid grapes, all fattened through
With moon and sunshine, shade and dew,

Until their swollen girths express
But forms of limp deliciousness—

Drugged to an indolence divine
With Heaven's own sacramental wine.

A FRUIT-PIECE.

22

Warren Hastings died, 1818.

Wunst I sassed my Pa, an' he
Won't stand that, an' punished me.—
Nen when he was gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away.

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

23

William Wallace executed, 1305.

Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends,—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand
Long in parting, hand in hand.

AFTERWHILES.

24

William Wilberforce, 1759.

It was just a very
Merry fairy dream !—
All the woods were airy
With the gloom and gleam ;
Crickets in the clover
Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
Their old honey-song.

THE PIXY PEOPLE.

. . . If there is any one text universally known and
nurtured of the Unlettered masses of our common country,
it is that which reads " All men are created equal."

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

25

Bret Harte, 1839; "Bill" (Edgar Wilson) Nye, 1850; Thomas Chatterton died, 1770; Hume died, 1776.

To Edgar Wilson Nye.

O "William"—in thy blithe companionship
 What liberty is mine—what sweet release
 From clamorous strife, and yet what boisterous peace!

.

So, pray-thee, do not cease
 To cheer me thus;—for, underneath the quip
 Of thy droll sorcery, the wrangling fret
 Of all distress is stilled,—no syllable
 Of sorrow vexeth me—no teardrops wet
 My teeming lids save those that leap to tell
 Thee thou 'st a guest that overweepeth, yet
 Only because thou jokest overwell.

26

Robert Walpole, 1676; Prince Albert, 1819.

Would that the winds might only blow
 As they blew in the golden long ago!—
 Laden with odors of Orient isles
 Where ever and ever the sunshine smiles,
 And the bright sands blend with the shady trees,
 And the lotus-blooms in the midst of these.

BECALMED.

27

Titian died, 1576.

When chirping crickets fainter cry,
And pale stars blossom in the sky,
And twilight's gloom has dimmed the bloom
And blurred the butterfly :

O then, within, is stilled the din
Of crib she rocks the baby in,
And heart and gate and latch's weight
Are lifted—and the lips of Kate.

HOME AT NIGHT.

28

Goethe, 1749 ; Tolstoi, 1828 ; Burne-Jones, 1833.

What *we* want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' *Yours* and *Mine*—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores :

Putt in old *Nature's* sermons,—them's the best,—
And 'casion'ly hang up a hornet's nest
'At boys 'at 's run away from school can git
At handy-like—and let 'em tackle it !
Let us be wrought on, of a truth, to feel
Our proneness fer to hurt more than we heal,

In ministratin' to our vain delights—
Fergettin' even insecc's has their rights !

PROEM—POEMS HERE AT HOME.

29

John Locke, 1632 ; Frederick Maurice, 1805 ; O. W. Holmes, 1809.

How again a subtle hint
Of crushed pennyroyal or mint,
Sends us on our knees, as when
We were truant boys of ten—
Brown marauders of the wood,
Merrier than Robin Hood !

TIME OF CLEARER TWITTERINGS.

30

Mary Shelley, 1797.

If she sorrow—lo ! her face
It is like a flowery space
In bright meadows, overlaid
With light clouds and lulled with shade.
If she laugh—it is the trill
Of the wayward whippoorwill
Over upland pastures, heard
Echoed by the mocking-bird

In dim thickets dense with bloom
And blurred cloyings of perfume :
If she sigh—a zephyr swells
Over odorous asphodels
And wan lilies in lush plots
Of moon-drowned forget-me-nots.

JUDITH.

31

John Bunyan died, 1688.

I kiss the eyes
On either lid,
Where her love lies
Forever hid.—
I cease my weeping
And smile and say :
I shall be sleeping
Thus, some day !

A LEAVE-TAKING.

Eex ! what a sumptuous darkness is the Night !—
How rich and deep and suave and velvety
Its lovely blackness to a soul like mine !
Ah, Night ! thou densest of all mysteries !—
Thou eeriest of unfathomable delights,
Whose soundless sheer inscrutability

Is fascination's own ethereal self,
Unseen, and yet embodied—palpable,—
An essence, yet a form of stableness
That stays me—weighs me, as a giant palm
Were laid on either shoulder.—Peace! I cease
Even to strive to grope one further pace,
But stand uncovered and with lifted face.

JUCKLET—IN THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT.

September

I

Richard Steele died, 1729 ; Lady Blessington born, 1789.

Just tired ! . . . But when of old I had the stay
Of mother-hands, O very sweet indeed
It was to dream that all the weary way
I should but follow where I now must lead.

AN OUT-WORN SAPPHO.

2

John Howard, 1726.

" If I die first," my old chum paused to say,
" Mind ! not a whimper of regret ;—instead,
Laugh and be glad, as I shall.—Being dead,
I shall not lodge so very far away
But that our mirth shall mingle.—So, the day
The word comes, joy with me." " I'll try," I said.

OLD CHUMS.

3

Cromwell died, 1658.

While the heart beats young ! O the splendor of the
Spring,

With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing !
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom-time of May
Is not so sweet a season as the season of today
While Youth's diviner climate folds and holds us, close
caressed,

As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and
breast ;—

Our bare feet in the meadows, and our fancies up among
The airy clouds of morning—while the heart beats young.

A CHILD-WORLD.

4

Phœbe Cary, 1824.

“ Where is little Marjorie ? ”

Oh, in high security

She is hidden from the reach

Of all voices that beseech :

She is where no troubled word,

Sob or sigh is ever heard,

Since God whispered tenderly—

“ Where is little Marjorie ? ”

LITTLE MARJORIE.

5

Richelieu, 1585; Meyerbeer, 1791.

The frightened herds of clouds across the sky
Trample the sunshine down, and chase the day
Into the dusky forest-lands of gray
And sombre twilight.

Dusk.

" . . . My throat hurt me, and I felt the warm tears a-boolgin' up . . . and her kind old face a-glimmerin' away so pale-like afore my eyes . . . and her eyes as full o' hope and happiness as afore they ever looked on grief er ever shed a tear. And I thought of all the trouble they had saw on my account, and of all the lovin' words her lips had said, and of all the thousand things her pore old hands had done fer me 'at I never even thanked her fer; and how I loved her better'n all the world besides, and would be so lonesome ef she went away.—*Lord!* I can't tell you what I *didn't* think and feel and see. And I knelt down by her; and she whispered then fer Steven, and he come, and we kissed her—and she died—a-smilin' like a child—jist like a child."

AN OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

6

Lafayette, 1757.

We want some poetry 'at's to *Our* taste,
Made out o' truck 'at's jes a-goin' to waste

'Cause smart folks thinks it 's altogether too
 Outrageous *common*—'cept fer me and you !—
 Which goes to argy, all sich poetry
 Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on You and Me.

PROEM—POEMS HERE AT HOME.

7

Queen Elizabeth, 1533.

.
 And he shall reign a goodly king,
 And sway his hand o'er every clime,
 With peace writ on his signet-ring,
 Who bides his time.

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

.
 Then the soft touch of her hand
 Takes all breath to understand
 What to liken it thereto !

JUDITH.

8

Dvůrák, 1841.

In vain he courted sleep ;—one thought would ever in his
 heart arise,—
 The harsh words that at noon had brought the tear-drops
 to her eyes.

.

Still silently, as though he prayed, his lips moved lightly
as she slept—

For God was with him,—and he laid his face with hers
and wept.

AT NOON—AND MIDNIGHT.

9

We must get home,—where, as we nod and drowse,
Time humors us and tiptoes through the house,
And loves us best when sleeping baby-wise,
With dreams—not tear-drops—brimming our clenched
eyes,—

Pure dreams that know nor taint nor earthly stain.—

We must get home—we must get home again !

THE HOME-GOING.

IO

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin died, 1797.

The Little-red-apple Tree !—

In the edge of the garden-spot,

Where the apples fell so lavishly

Into the neighbor's lot ;—

So do I think of you,

Brother of mine, as the tree,—

Giving the ripest wealth of your love

To the world as well as me.

THE LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE.

because he feels it the conscientious reproduction of the life itself—as he has seen and known and felt it ;—a representation it is of God's own script translated and transcribed by the worshipful mind and heart and hand of genius.

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

15

J. Fenimore Cooper, 1789; Arthur Henry Hallam died, inspiring
"In Memoriam," 1833.

.
Nay, even with fixed eyes and broken breath,
My feet dip down into the tides of death,
Nor any friend be left, nor prayer be said,
I deem that God is not disquieted.

THE LEGEND-GLORIFIED.

16

Tintoretto, 1518; Francis Parkman, 1823.

.
Right here at home, boys, is the place fer us !
Where folks' heart 's bigger 'n their money-pu's' ;
And where a *common* feller 's jest as good
As any other in the neighborhood :
The World at large don't worry you and me,
Right here at home, boys, where we ort to be !

RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

17

Walter Savage Landor died, 1864.

And we are happy—very—
 He and I—
 Aye, even glad and merry
 Though on high
 The heavens are sometimes shrouded
 By the midnight storm, and clouded
 Till the pallid moon is crowded
 From the sky,

HE AND I.

18

Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1709.

'Tis a mystical potation
 That exceeds in warmth of glow
 And divine exhilaration
 All the drugs of long ago,—
 All of old magicians' potions—
 Of Medea's filtered spells—
 Or of fabled isles and oceans
 Where the Lotus-eater dwells !

A CUP OF TEA.

19

James A. Garfield died, 1881.

And what heroic figures
Can the sculptor carve in stone ?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
And the marble lips to moan ?
Can the marble brow be fevered ?
And the marble eyes be graved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved ?
A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS.

20

Had a hare-lip—Joney had :
Sp'iled his looks, and Joney knowed it ;
Fellers tried to bore him, bad,—
But, ef ever he got mad,
He kep' still and never showed it.
'Druther have his mouth, all pouted
And split up, and like it wuz,
Than the ones 'at laughed about it.—
Purty is as purty does !

JONEY.

21

Savonarola born, 1452; Walter Scott died, 1832; Edmund Gosse
born, 1849.

The air falls chill;
The whippoorwill
Pipes lonesomely behind the hill:
The dusk grows dense,
The silence tense;
And lo, the Katydids commence.

SEPTEMBER DARK.

22

Lucia della Robbia died, 1482; Nathan Hale executed, 1776;
Faraday born, 1791.

.
The touches of her hands are like the dew
That falls so softly down no one e'er knew
The touch thereof save lovers like to one
Astray in lights where ranged Endymion.

DEAR HANDS.

23

.
Words will not say what I yearn to say—
They will not walk as I want them to,—
But they stumble and fall in the path of the way
Of my telling my love for you.

A SCRAWL.

24

Mellow hazes, lowly trailing
Over wood and meadow, veiling
Sombre skies, with wild fowl sailing
Sailor-like to foreign lands ;
And the north-wind overleaping
Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping
Wrecks of roses where the weeping
Willows wring their helpless hands.

A DREAM OF AUTUMN.

25

Mrs. Hemans, 1793.

Heigh-ho ! Babyhood ! Tell me where you linger !
Let 's toddle home again, for we have gone astray ;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus-lands of the far-away !

BABYHOOD.

26

Let us rest ourselves a bit !
Worry ? wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewell a little while.

A PASSING HAIL.

27

Bossuet, 1627 ; Samuel Adams, 1722.

Thou art poor, or thou art rich,—
 Never lightest matter which ;
 All the glad gold of the noon,
 All the silver of the moon,
 She doth lavish on thee, while
 Thou withholdest any smile
 Of thy gratitude to her,
 Baser used than usurer.
 Shame be on thee an thou seek
 Not her pardon, with hot cheek,
 And bowed head, and brimming eyes,
 At her merciful " Arise ! "

THE ALL-KIND MOTHER.

28

Prosper Mérimée, 1803 ; Frances E. Willard, 1839.

Sadder are we, thus left alone,
 But gladder they that thrill to see
 Thy mother's rapture, greeting thee.
 Bereaved are we by life—not death—
 Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !

ELIZABETH.

K

29

Admiral Nelson, 1758 ; William Beckford, 1759 ;
Mrs. Gaskell, 1810.

He has loved both the storm and the calm, because
They seemed as his brothers twain,—
The flapping sail was his soul's applause,
And his rapture, the roaring main.

THE OLD RETIRED SEA-CAPTAIN.

30

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751.

Rich as wine, the sunset flashes
Round the tilted world, and dashes
Up the sloping west and splashes
Red foam over sky and sea—
Till my dream of Autumn, paling
In the splendor all-prevailing,
Like a fallow leaf goes sailing
Down the silence solemnly.

A DREAM OF AUTUMN.

October

I

Corneille died, 1684 ; Landseer died, 1873.

.
Greet him as with glee of drums
And glad cymbals, as he comes !
Robe him fair, O Rain and Shine !
He the Emperor—the King—
Royal lord of everything
Sagging Plenty's granary floors
And out-bulging all her doors ;
He the God of corn and wine,
Honey, milk, and fruit and oil—
Lord of feast, as lord of toil—
Jocund host of yours and mine !

AUTUMN.

2

.
The stars are failing, and the sky
Is like a field of faded flowers ;

K 2

The winds on weary wings go by ;
The moon hides, and the tempest lowers.

THE WANDERING JEW.

. . . Let us very seriously inquire what this real child has done that Literature should so persistently refuse to give him an abiding welcome. . . . From the immemorial advent of our dear old Mother Goose, Literature has been especially catering to the juvenile needs and desires, and yet steadfastly overlooking, all the time, the very principles upon which Nature herself founds and presents this lawless little brood of hers—the children. It is not the children who are out of order,—it is Literature.

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

3

George Bancroft, 1800.

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes :
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers ther selves !
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann !
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man ?
Raggedy ! Raggedy ! Raggedy Man !

THE RAGGEDY MAN.

4

Jean François Millet, 1814.

The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth—
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

5

Horace Walpole, 1717 ; William Hamilton Gibson, 1850 ;
Alfred Tennyson died, 1892.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck ; the hands you used
To kiss.—Such arms—such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you ?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing,
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—
But ah ! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

BEREAVED,

Tennyson.

We of the New World clasp hands with the Old
In newer fervor and with firmer hold
And nobler fellowship,
O master-singer, with the finger-tip
Of Death laid thus on thy melodious lip.

All ages thou hast honored with thine art,
 And, ages yet unborn, thou wilt be part
 Of all songs pure and true.
 Thine now the universal homage due
 From Old and New World—aye, and still the New.
 DAILY PRESS, U.S.A., OCTOBER 6, 1892.

6

God's hand's on the helm and His breath in the sails.
 SONG OF THE CRUISE.

7

Sir Philip Sidney died, 1556.
 The ripest peach is highest on the tree—
 And so her love, beyond the reach of me,
 Is dearest in my sight. Sweet breezes, bow
 Her heart down to me where I worship now !
 THE RIPEST PEACH.

8

Fielding died, 1754 ; John Hancock died, 1793 ; Edmund Clarence
 Stedman born, 1833 ; John Hay, 1839.

The idy ! wadin' round here over shoe-mouth deep in
 woe,
 When they's a graded 'pike o' joy and sunshine, don't
 you know !

When evening strikes the pastur', cows 'll pull out fer the
bars,
And skittish-like from out the night 'll prance the happy
stars.

WHEN THE HEARSE COMES BACK.

9

Cervantes, 1547.

He sailed o'er the weltery, watery miles
For a tabular year and a day,
To the kindless, kinkable Cannibal Isles
He sailed and he sailed away !
He captured a loon in a wild lagoon,
And a yak that weeps and smiles,
And a bustard-bird, and a blue baboon,
In the kindless Cannibal Isles
And wilds,
Of the kinkable Cannibal Isles.

THE GREAT EXPLORER.

So now is it for all men else I pray ;
So is it I am blest and glad alway.

ANSELMO.

10

Watteau, 1684; Benjamin West, 1738; Verdi, 1813.

And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,
As he blends these words with the wailing blast :
"It is the King of the Year rides past !"
And Autumn is here again.

11

Theodore Thomas, 1835.

. . . Mine arms clutch now this earthen heap
Sodden with tears that flow on ceaselessly
As autumn rains the long, long, long nights weep
In memory of days that used to be,—
Has she forgotten these ?—And, in her sleep,
Has she forgotten me ?—forgotten me ?

HAS SHE FORGOTTEN ME ?

12

George W. Cable, 1844; Elizabeth Fry died, 1845; Robert
E. Lee died, 1870; Dinah Maria Mulock died, 1887.

Right here at home, boys—jes right where we air !—
Birds don't sing any sweeter anywhere :
Grass don't grow any greener'n she grows
Acrost the pastur' where the old path goes,—

All things in ear-shot's purty, er in sight,
Right here at home, boys, ef we *size* 'em right.

RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

13

The Hoosier Folk-Child !—Rich is he
In all the wealth of poverty !
He owns nor title nor estate,
Nor speech but half articulate, —
He owns nor princely robe nor crown ;—
Yet, draped in patched and faded brown,
He owns the bird-songs of the hills—
The laughter of the April rills ;
And his are all the diamonds set
In Morning's dewy coronet, —
And his the Dusk's first minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture-bars
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light ;—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

THE HOOSIER FOLK-CHILD.

14

William Penn, 1644.

The maple strews the embers of its leaves
O'er the laggard swallows nestled 'neath the eaves ;

And the moody cricket falters in his cry—Baby-bye !—
 And the lid of night is falling o'er the sky—Baby-bye !—
 And the lid o' night is falling o'er the sky !

LULLABY.

15

Kosciuszko died, 1817.

Hunter boy of Hazelwood—
 Happier than Robin Hood !—
 Dance across the green, and stand
 Suddenly, with lifted hand
 Shading eager eyes, and be
 Thus content to capture me !—
 Cease thy quest for wilder prey
 Than my willing heart today !
 Hunter Boy ! with belt and bow,
 Bide with me, or let me go,
 An thou wilt, in wake of thee,
 Questing for mine infancy !

THE HUNTER BOY.

16

Hugh Latimer executed, 1555 ; Marie Antoinette executed, 1793 ;
 Noah Webster born, 1758.

Though awful tempests thunder overhead,
 I deem that God is not disquieted,—
 The faith that trembles somewhat, yet is sure
 Through storm and darkness of a way secure.

THE LEGEND-GLORIFIED.

17

Chopin died, 1849.

Let any dew-drop soak the hue
Of any violet through and through,
And then be colorless and dull,
Compared with eyes so beautiful !
I swear ye that her eyes be bright
As noonday, yet as dark as night—
As bright as be the burnished bars
Of rainbows set in sunny skies,
And yet as deep and dark, her eyes,
And lustrous black as blown-out stars.
AMPHINE—IN THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT.

18

Peg Woffington, 1720 ; Gounod died, 1893 ; Helen Hunt born, 1831.

One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for someone's sake,
And wear then the look that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes,—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile.
AFTERWHILES.

19

Leigh Hunt, 1784.

Dark—stifling dark—the watches of the night !
 With tingling nerves at tension, how the blackness
 flashes white
 With spectral visitations smitten past the inner sight !—
 What shuddering sense of wrongs we've wrought that
 may not be redressed—
 Of tears we did not brush away—of lips we left
 unpressed,
 And hands that we let fall, with all their loyalty
 unguessed !
 Ah ! the empty, empty watches of the night !

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

20

Sir Christopher Wren, 1632.

. . .
 Old October's purt' nigh gone,
 And the frosts is comin' on
 Little heavier every day—
 Like our hearts is thataway !

OLD OCTOBER.

. . . And not only is Literature out of order,
 but she is presumptuous ; she is impudent. She takes

Nature's children and revises and corrects them till
 "their own mother doesn't know them." This is literal
 fact. . .

"Oh, mother, may I go to school
 With brother Charles today?
 The air is very fine and cool;
 Oh, mother, say I may!"

Is this a *real* boy that would make such a request, and
 is it the *real language* he would use?

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

21

Coleridge, 1772; Lamartine, 1790; S. F. Smith, 1808;
 Admiral Nelson died, 1805.

While the heart beats young!—While the heart beats
 young!

O green and gold old Earth of ours, with azure overhung
 And looped with rainbows!—grant us yet this grassy
 lap of thine—

We would be still thy children, through the shower and
 the shine!

So pray we, lisping, whispering, in childish love and
 trust,

With our beseeching hands and faces lifted from the dust
 By fervor of the poem, all unwritten and unsung,

Thou givest us in answer—while the heart beats young.

A CHILD-WORLD.

26

Von Moltke born, 1800.

The Child-World—long and long since lost to view—
A Fairy Paradise !—
How always fair it was and fresh and new—
How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes
With treasures of surprise !

POEM—A CHILD-WORLD.

27

Captain Cook, 1728 ; Kenyon Cox, 1856.

I love Old October so,
I cant bear to see her go !—
Seems to me like losin' some
Old-home relative, er chum—
'Pears like sorto' settin' by
Some old friend 'at sigh by sigh
Was a-passin' out o' sight
Into everlastin' night !
Hickernuts a feller hears
Rattlin' down is more like tears
Drappin' on the leaves below—
I love Old October so !

OLD OCTOBER.

28

Alfred the Great died, 901 ; Erasmus born, 1465.

. . . . O my homing dove, veer down
And nestle in the warm home of my breast !
So empty are mine arms, so full my heart,
The one must hold thee, or the other burst.

AMPHINE—IN THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT.

29

James Boswell, 1740 ; John Keats, 1795.

Would that my lips might pour out in thy praise
A fitting melody—an air sublime,—
A song sun-washed and draped in dreamy haze—
The floss and velvet of luxurious rhyme :
A lay wrought of warm languors, and o'er-brimmed
With balminess and fragrance of wild flowers
Such as the droning bee ne'er wearies of ;—
Such thoughts as might be hymned
To thee from this midsummer land of ours
Through shower and sunshine blent for very love.
A DITTY OF NO TONE—PIPED TO THE SPIRIT OF JOHN KEATS.

30

.
You desire no friends ; but we,—O we
Need them so, as we falter here,

Fumbling through each new vacancy,
As each is stricken that we hold dear.

THREE DEAD FRIENDS.

31

The blight of the frost may descend on the tree,
And the leaf and the flower may fall and expire,
But ever and ever love blossoms for me—
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

ENVOY—RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD.

November

I

Canova, 1757.

Season halest of the year !
How the zestful atmosphere
Nettles blood and brain, and smites
Into life the old delights
We have wasted in our youth,
And our graver years, forsooth !

TIME OF CLEARER TWITTERINGS.

2

Marie Antoinette, 1755 ; John McCullough, 1837.

Tom Van Arden, my old friend,—
Hearts, like fruit upon the stem,
Ripen sweetest, I contend,
As the frost falls over them :

Your regard for me today
 Makes November taste of May,
 And through every vein of rhyme
 Pours the blood of summertime.

TOM VAN ARDEN.

3

William Cullen Bryant, 1794.

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
 A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

AWAY.

4

Mendelssohn died, 1847.

Have you forgotten, knowing gentler charms,
 The boisterous love of one you ran to greet
 When you last met, who caught you in his arms
 And kissed you, in the street?

Not very many days have passed since then,
 And yet between him and that kiss there lies
 No pathway of return—unless again,
 In streets of Paradise,

Your eager feet come twinkling down the gold
 Of some bright thoroughfare ethereal,
 To meet and greet him there just as of old—
 Till then, farewell!—farewell!

MABEL.

5

Washington Allston, 1779 ; Hans Sachs, 1494.

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand
That love held out in welcome to our own,
When love and *only* love could understand
The need of touches we had never known.

THANKSGIVING.

6

"How did you rest, last night?"—
I've heard my gran'paw say
Them words a thousand times—that's right—
Jes them words thataway!

And so I pray, on Judgment Day
To wake, and with its light
See *his* face dawn, and hear him say—
"How did you rest last night?"

HOW DID YOU REST, LAST NIGHT?

7

How many of my selves are dead?
The ghosts of many haunt me: Lo,
The baby in the tiny bed
With rockers on is blanketed
And sleeping in the long ago;

And so I ask, with shaking head,
How many of my selves are dead ?

DEAD SELVES.

8

John Milton died, 1674 ; Owen Meredith born, 1831 ;
McCullough died, 1885.

Time of crisp and tawny leaves,
And of tarnished harvest sheaves,
And of dusty grasses—weeds—
Thistles, with their tufted seeds
Voyaging the Autumn breeze
Like as fairy argosies :
Time of clearer twitterings
In the grove or deeper shade
Of the tangled everglade.

TIME OF CLEARER TWITTERINGS.

9

. . . Many of the truly heroic ancestry of "our best people" grew unquestionably dialect of caste—not only in speech, but in every mental trait and personal address. It is a grievous fact for us to confront, but many of them wore apparel of the commonest, talked loudly, and doubtless said "thisaway" and "thataway," and "Watch y' doin' of?" and "Whur y' goin' at?"—using dialect even

in their prayers to Him, who, in His gentle mercy, listened and was pleased ; and who listens verily unto this hour to all like prayers, yet pleased ; yea, haply listens even to the refined, rhetorical petitions of those who are *not* pleased.

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

IO

Martin Luther, 1483 ; Hogarth, 1697 ; Goldsmith, 1728 ;
Schiller, 1759 ; Joaquin Miller, 1841.

He will sing across the meadow,—and the woman at the
well

Will stay the dripping bucket, with a smile ineffable ;
And the children in the orchard will gaze wistfully the
way

The happy song comes to them, with the fragrance of the
hay ;

The barn will neigh in answer, and the pasture-lands
behind

Will chime with bells, and send responsive lowings down
the wind ;

And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly call
In sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest voice of all.

THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

II

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1836.

.
We follow ever on and on :
We know the ways thy feet have gone,—
The grass is greener, and the bloom
Of roses richer in perfume—
And birds of every blooming tree
Sing sweeter as we follow thee.
THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT.

I2

Richard Baxter, 1615.

.
In the darkness and the deep
Silence of the watch I keep,
Something in your presence so
Soothes me—as in long ago
I first felt your hand—as now—
In the darkness touch my brow :
I've no other wish than you
Thus should fold my eyelids to,
Saying nought of sigh or tear—
Just as God were sitting here.
HIS VIGIL.

13

St. Augustine, 354 ; Sir John Moore, 1761 ; Edwin Booth,
1833 ; Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850.

Nay, nay, Romancer ! Poet ! Seer !
Sing us back home—from there to here :
Grant your high grace and wit, but we
Most honor your simplicity.

A SOUTHERN SINGER.

14

He is fond of declaring he “ don’t care a straw ”—
That “ the ills of a bachelor’s life
Are blisses compared with a mother-in-law,
And a boarding-school miss for a wife ! ”

But up in his den—(Ah, my bachelor chum !)—
I have sat with him there in the gloom,
When the laugh of his lips died away to become
But a phantom of mirth in the room.
And to look on him there you would love him, for all
His ridiculous ways, and be dumb
As the little girl-face that smiles down from the wall
On the tears of my bachelor chum.

MY BACHELOR CHUM.

15

William Pitt, 1708 ; Cowper, 1731 ; Sir William Herschel, 1738 ;
Gluck died, 1787.

No man is grate tel he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

16

Charles Eliot Norton, 1827 ; John Bright, 1811.

. Let her pure life lightly swim
Through the sighing
Lips of her—
Out from us and up to HIM.—
Let her leave us with that smile—
Kiss and miss her after while.

BABY'S DYING.

17

Grote, 1794.

I loved her.—Why ? I never knew. Perhaps
Because her face was fair.—Perhaps because
Her eyes were blue and wore a weary air.
Perhaps Perhaps because her limpid face
Was eddied with a restless tide wherein
The dimples found no place to anchor and

Abide. Perhaps because her tresses beat
 A froth of gold about her throat, and poured
 In splendor to the feet that ever seemed
 Afloat.—Perhaps because of that wild way
 Her sudden laughter overleapt propriety ;
 Or—who will say ?—perhaps the way she wept.
 KRUNG—IN THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT.

18

Daguerre, 1789; Chester A. Arthur died, 1886.

And I think of the smiling faces
 That used to watch and wait,
 Till the click of the clock was answered
 By the click of the opening gate.—
 They are not there now in the evening—
 Morning or noon—not there ;
 Yet I know that they keep their vigil,
 And wait for me Somewhere.

IN THE DARK.

19

Charles I., 1600; Thorvaldsen, 1770; Garfield, 1831; Fitz-Green
 Halleck died, 1867; "Billy" Florence died, 1891.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
 shock,
 And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
 turkey-cock,

And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the
hens,
And the rooster's "hallylooyer!" as he tiptoes on the
fence.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

20

Chatterton, 1752.

Oh, this empty coat of his !
Every tatter worth a kiss ;
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead :
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more—but, absent, thus
Beckon us.

THE LITTLE COAT.

21

Bryan Waller Procter, 1787.

Shrined in her sanctity of home and love,
And love's fond service and reward thereof,
Restore her thus, O blessed Memory !—
Throned in her rocking-chair, and on her knee
Her sewing—her work-basket on the floor
Beside her.—Springtime thro' the open door,

Balmily stealing in and all about
The room ; the bees' dim hum, and the far shout
And laughter of the children at their play.

THE MOTHER—A CHILD-WORLD.

22

La Salle, 1643 ; George Eliot, 1819.

One leads us through the watches of the night—
By the ceaseless intercession of our loved ones lost to
sight
He is with us through all trials, in His mercy and His
might ;—
With our mothers there about Him, all our sorrow
disappears,
Till the silence of our sobbing is the prayer the Master
hears,
And His hand is laid upon us with the tenderness of
tears
In the waning of the watches of the night.

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

23

His doctern's jes o' the plainest brand—
Old John Henry ;—

A smilin' face and a hearty hand

'S religen 'at all folks understand,

Says old John Henry.

He's stove up some with the rheumatiz,

And they hain't no shine on them shoes o' his,

And his hair hain't cut—but his eye-teeth is :

Old John Henry.

OLD JOHN HENRY.

24

John Knox died, 1572 ; Lawrence Sterne, 1713 ; Owen Meredith died, 1891.

Let us be thankful—not only because

Since last our universal thanks were told

We have grown greater in the world's applause,

And fortune's newer smiles surpass the old—

But thankful for all things that come as alms

From out the open hand of Providence :—

The winter clouds and storms—the summer calms—

The sleepless dread—the drowse of indolence.

THANKSGIVING.

25

And so the Summer faded out, and Autumn wore away,

And a keener Winter never fetched around Thanksgivin'—

Day !

.

And as I turned and looked around, some one riz up and
 leant
 And put his arms round Mother's neck, and laughed in
 low content.

"It's *me*," he says—"Your fool-boy John, come back to
 shake your hand ;
 Set down with you, and talk with you, and make you
 understand
 How dearer yit than all the world is this old home that
 we
 Will spend Thanksgivin' in fer life—jest Mother, you and
 me !"

HOW JOHN QUIT THE FARM.

26

O her beautiful eyes ! they have smitten mine own
 As a glory glanced down from the glare of the Throne !
 HER BEAUTIFUL EYES.

27

Horace died, B.C. 8 ; Fanny Kemble born, 1809.

Lo, whatever is at hand
 Is full meet for the demand :
 Nature oftimes giveth best
 When she seemeth chariest.

She hath shapen shower and sun
 To the need of every one—
 Summer bland and winter drear,
 Dimpled pool and frozen mere.—
 All thou lackest she hath still
 Near thy finding and thy fill.
 Yield her fullest faith, and she
 Will endow thee royally.

THE ALL-KIND MOTHER.

28

Washington Irving died, 1859; Lealie Stephen born, 1832.

.
 Tell us, O Death, Remorseless Might !
 What is this old, unescapable ire
 You wreak on us ?

.
 We do no evil thing to you—

.
 —What is it, then, would you have us do ?

THREE DEAD FRIENDS.

29

Sir Philip Sidney, 1554; A. B. Alcott, 1799; Louisa M. Alcott,
 1832; Horace Greeley died, 1872.

.
 Ah, the endless Afterwhiles !—
 Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles,

In the distance far withdrawn,
Stretching on, and on, and on,
Till the fancy is footsore
And faints in the dust before
The last milestone's granite face,
Hacked with : " Here Beginneth Space."

AFTERWHILES.

30

Dean Swift, 1667; Theodor Mommsen, 1817; Cyrus W. Field,
1819; Rubinstein, 1830.

Season of snows, and season of flowers,
Seasons of loss and gain !
Since grief and joy must alike be ours,
Why do we still complain ?

THE PLAINT-HUMAN.

December

I

Alexandra, Princess of Wales, born, 1844.

Lo ! where is the beginning, where the end
Of living, loving, longing? *Listen*, friend !—
God answers with a silence of pure gold—
Just as of old.

ENVOY—GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS.

2

Cortez died, 1547 ; John Brown executed, 1859.

Tomps 'ud allus haf to say
Somepin' 'bout "his mother's way."—
He lived hard-like—never jined
Any church of any kind.—
"It was Mother's way," says he,
"To be good enough fer *me*
And her too,—and certinly
Lord has heerd *her* pray !"

Propped up on his dyin' bed,—
 "Shore as Heaven's overhead,
 I'm a-goin' there," he said—
 "It was Mother's way."

HIS MOTHER'S WAY.

3

Mary Lamb, 1764; Madame Récamier, 1777; Sir Frederic
 Leighton, 1830.

Someday :—So many tearful eyes
 Are watching for thy dawning light ;
 So many faces toward the skies
 Are weary of the night !

Oh, come to them !—these weary ones !
 Or if thou still must bide a while,
 Make stronger yet the hope that runs
 Before thy coming smile.

SOMEDAY.

4

Thomas Carlyle, 1795; Frances Power Cobbe, 1822.

In the great emptiness of night, I bow
 And sob aloud for one returning touch
 Of the dear hands that, Heaven having now,
 I need so much—so much !

THE DEAD WIFE.

M 2

5

Mozart died, 1791 ; Christina Rossetti born, 1830 ; General Custer,
1839 ; Dumas père died, 1870.

O'er and o'er again
Have I put the query—
Was existence so in vain
That you look so cheery?—
Death of such a benefit
That you smile, possessing it ?

Did your throbbing brow
Tire of all the flutter
Of such fancyings as now
You, at last, may utter
In that grin so grimly bland
Only Death can understand ?

TO A SKULL.

6

Max Müller, 1827.

Letting my cigar die out,
Hearing poems talked about ;
And entranced to hear him say
Gentle things of Thackeray,
Dickens, Hawthorne, and the rest,
Known to him as host and guest.

DON PIATT OF MAC-O-CHEE'.

7

Cicero assassinated, B.C. 43 ; Mary Queen of Scots born, 1542.

It is not childishness, I guess,—
Yet something of the tenderness

That used to wet his lashes when
A boy seems troubling him again ;—

And so it is he puts aside
The poem he has vainly tried

To follow ; and, as one who sighs
In failure, through a poor disguise

Of smiles, he dries his tears, to say
His eyes are not themselves to-day.

THE OLD SCHOOL-CHUM

8

Horace, 65 B.C. ; Björnson, 1832 ; Joel Chandler Harris, 1848.

. . . A blessing of kindly thought,
Sweet as the breath of forget-me-not !

HERR WEISER.

. . . His touch is ever reverential. He has
gathered up the bruised and broken voices and the

legends of the slave, and from his child-heart he has affectionately yielded them to us in all their eerie beauty and wild loveliness. Through them we are made to glorify the helpless and the weak and to revel in their victories.

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

9

John Milton, 1608.

Dead, my lords and gentlemen !—
 Stilled the tongue, and stayed the pen ;
 Cheek unflushed and eye unlit—
 Done with life, and glad of it.

Curb your praises now as then :
 Dead, my lords and gentlemen.—
 What he wrought found its reward
 In the tolerance of the Lord.

DEAD, MY LORDS.

10

Emily Dickinson, 1830.

The wrinkles that the years have spun
 And tangled round thy tawny face,
 Are kinked with laughter, every one,
 And fashioned in a mirthful grace.

DAN PAINE.

I I

Hector Berlioz, 1803.

Old friends allus is the best,
Halest-like and heartiest :
Knowed us first, and don't allow
We're so blame' much better now !
They was standin' at the bars
When we grabbed "the kivered kyars"
And lit out fer town, to make
Money—and that old mistake !

We thought then the world we went
Into beat "The Settlement,"
And the friends 'at we'd make there
Would beat any, anywhere !—
And they *do*—fer that's their biz :
They beat all the friends they is—
'Cept the raal old friends like you
'At staid home, like *I'd* ort to !

BACK FROM TOWN.

I 2

William Lloyd Garrison, 1804 ; Flaubert, 1821 ; Edwin Forrest died,
1872 ; Robert Browning died, 1889.

Close the book, and leave the tale
All unfinished.—It is best :
Brighter fancy will not fail
To relate the rest.

CLOSE THE BOOK.

13

Dean Stanley, 1815; Phillips Brooks, 1835.

The sick have ceased their sighing,
And have even found the grace
Of a smile when they were dying
As they looked upon his face.

THE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW.

"No, Ike," says Doc, "this world hain't saw no brains
like yourn and mine
With sense enough to grasp a law 'at takes a brain
divine.—
I've bared the thoughts of brains in doubt, and felt their
finest pulse,—
And mortal brains jes won't turn out omnipotent
results!"

RUBÁIVYÁT OF DOC SIFERS—Quatrain XLII.

14

George Washington died, 1799; Louis Agassiz died, 1873.

O THE DRUM!

There is some
Intonation in thy grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,

As we hear,
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere,
Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear !
THE DRUM.

15

Izaak Walton died, 1683.

. . . And, quit of every stress
Of earthly ache and longing and despair,
Knew certainly each simple thing he praised
Was no less worthy, for its lowliness,
Than any joy of all the glory There.
ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

16

Beethoven, 1770 ; Jane Austen, 1775 ; Mary Russell Mitford, 1787.

An empty glove—long withering in the grasp
Of Time's cold palm. I lift it to my lips—
And lo, once more I thrill beneath its clasp,
In fancy, as with odorous finger-tips
It reaches from the years that used to be
And proffers back love, life and all to me.
AN EMPTY GLOVE.

Mother, my mother,
 O sing, "Little brother,
 Sleep, for thy mother
 Bends over thee yet!"

A MOTHER SONG.

23

Sainte-Beuve, 1804.

At early dawn he doth peg in
 His noble work and brave ;
 And eke from cark and worldly sin
 He seeketh soles to save ;
 And all day long, with quip and song,
 Thus stitcheth he the way
 Our feet may know the right from wrong,
 Nor ever go a stray.

THE SHOEMAKER.

24

Matthew Arnold born, 1822 ; Thackeray died, 1863.

Jes a little bit o' feller—I remember still,—
 Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will !
 Fourth-o'-July's nothin' to it !—New-Year's ain't a smell !
 Easter-Sunday—Circus-day—jes all dead in the shell !

LONG AFORE HE KNOWED.

25

The first and foremost of Birthdays. Sir Isaac Newton born on
Christmas Day, 1642.

Most tangible of all the gods that be,
O Santa Claus—our own since infancy !—
As first we scampered to thee—now, as then,
Take us as children to thy heart again.

TO SANTA CLAUS.

26

Thomas Gray, 1716 ; Dion Boucicault, 1822.

Ah, Boy ! still speeding o'er the track
Where none returns again,—
To sigh for you, or cry for you,
Or die for you were vain.—
And so, speed on ! the while I pray
All nipping frosts forsake you—
Ride still ahead of grief, but may
All glad things overtake you !

HIS CHRISTMAS SLED.

27

Louis Pasteur, 1822 ; Charles Lamb died, 1834.

His artless observations, and his drollery of style,
Bewildered with that sorrowful serenity of smile—

The eye's elusive twinkle, and the twitching of the lid,
Like he didn't go to say it and was sorry that he did.

THE ARTEMUS OF MICHIGAN.

28

Think of a private, now, perhaps,

We'll say like Jim,

'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—

And the old man jes wrapped up in him!—

Think of him—with the war plum' through,

And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue

A-laughin' the news down over Jim,

And the old man, bendin' over him—

The surgeon turnin' away with tears

'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,

As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to

His father's, the old voice in his ears,—

“ Well, good-by, Jim :

Take keer of yourse'f ! ”

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

29

Gladstone, 1809.

I come not, with downward eyes,

To plead for him shamèdly.—

God did not apologize

When He gave the boy to me.

HIS MOTHER.

30

.
The joy one feels,
In an easy chair,
Cocking his heels
In the dancing air
That wreathes the rim of a roaring stove
Whose heat loves better than hearts can love,
Will not permit
The coldest day
To drive away
The fire in his blood, and the bliss of it !

WINTER FANCIES.

31

James T. Fields, 1817.

As one in sorrow looks upon
The dead face of a loyal friend,
By the dim light of New Year's dawn
I saw the Old Year end.

.
The chimes of bells were in the air,
The sounds of mirth in hall and street,
With pealing laughter everywhere
And throb of dancing feet.
.

But with a sense of nameless dread,
I turned me, from the merry face
Of this newcomer, to my dead ;
And kneeling there a space,

I sobbed aloud, all tearfully :—
By this dear face so fixed and cold,
O Lord, let not this New Year be
As happy as the Old !

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

L'ENVOY

*Snow is in the air—
Kill in blood and vein,—
Winter everywhere
Save in heart and brain !
Ho ! the happy year will we
Mimic as we've found it,—
Head of it—and you, and me—
With the holly round it !*

*Frost and sleet, alack !—
Wind as bleak as wrath
Whips our faces back
As we foot the path ;—
But the year—from there to here—
Copy as we've found it,—
Heart up—like the head, my dear,
With the holly round it !*

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SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON



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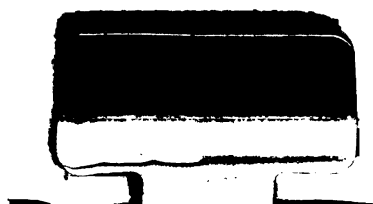
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